

Revised Edition

MARIA CECILIA:

OR

L I F E

AND

A D V E N T U R E S

Of the DAUGHTER of

A C H M E T III.

EMPEROR OF THE TURKS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

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MARIA CECILIA.

CHAP XII.

EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

ADVENTURE AT A BALL.

MARIA CECILIA LEAVES

ITALY.

THE wind continuing contrary, the citizens of Leghorn, in honour to me, and to return the politeness of the French officers, invited me to an elegant supper, which they gave in the saloon of the theatre; which was fol-

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lowed

lowed by a masked ball, that all the city might have the pleasure of seeing me. I can scarce recall to my memory this ball, without being tempted to laugh at a pleasant adventure, which happened to the poor Idoglan, and which, at first, gave us some uneasiness.

I have already said, that this young man was of a very pleasing figure, and of an agreeable and lively disposition, which made him readily give into any frolic. This humour had like to have cost him dear. The masqued ball falling in with his taste extremely, he dressed himself as a Turkish woman. Some rich and elegant dresses of their fashion, which Emilia had preserved more from curiosity than any other motive, answered his purpose exactly. Emilia made no scruple to lend him one
of

of them. To this she had added all her diamonds. Icoglan was little for a man, jolly, and had but little beard, though by birth an Asiatic: he had, besides, very beautiful hair, and a singular art of disposing it in a manner the most advantageous to his person. He was known by no one but us; and, whether on this account, or from a coquetry of disposition, he did not think fit to put on a mask. The ball commenced at six in the evening. I had scarce been there an hour, when Icoglan entered in all his splendour. I knew him instantly; but Madame Salmoni, who flattered herself it would afford some amusement, made me promise not to discover him. This I did without repugnance, as I considered it a very innocent frolic. On entering the ball-room, he came and saluted me in the Turkish manner: this I returned by a slight in-

clination of the head. His pleasing figure, the richness of his dress, and its fashion, which was new to the whole assembly, attracted every eye. I was asked, if it were a woman of my suite: I simply answered yes. This contributed to increase the notice taken of him. There was not a single gentleman but sought the honour of dancing with him. He acquitted himself extremely well; and this still heightened the attention paid him. What aided the deception, was his having been prevented, by a slight indisposition, from accompanying us on board the frigate the day before; so that he was perfectly a stranger to every one. As this deception amused me infinitely, I took care not to remove it. They paid me the honour to request that I would name what ladies I chose to admit to sup with me: sensible of this mark of respect

spect, I requested that no distinction might be made. At ten o'clock we adjourned to a magnificent saloon, where a cloth was laid with a hundred and fifty covers. It was entirely for ladies. As I would make no choice, Icoglan, in his female character, took his place at it. Amongst the number of admirers, which his charms had attracted, the duke de Med * * * had made himself most conspicuous, and Icoglan had even appeared to show him a preference. The duke was of his own age, and of an agreeable figure, and danced like an angel: these resemblances easily drew them to each other. I perceived that the princess P * * * was not pleased with it: she was a lady of forty. An Italian nobleman remarked to me her jealousy. He told me, that the duke was not wealthy: that this lady, who had an immense fortune, was very much

in love with him: that a marriage between them was on the point of being concluded; and that the hope of a brilliant fortune made the duke overlook disparity of age. This conversation took place during supper. I then told him frankly who it was. He laughed heartily at the deception. In a moment every one at the ball knew that Icoglân was a man in disguise, except the duke, whom we did not undeceive, in order to amuse ourselves with his mistake, and the princess, who was not much liked, that we might enjoy the scene of her jealousy.

Icoglan, who soon perceived that every one was in the secret, and to whom the scene of course became more interesting, played his part to perfection. He was not deficient in penetration: he saw the jealousy of the princess, and
knew

knew how that must heighten the pleasure to the spectators. The duke had never quitted him: he served him at table with all the attention of a lover. Icoglan, on his side, let no opportunity escape of showing a preference to him. Stolen glances, speaking smiles, all the delicate arts of coquetry, were played off with the skill of the most experienced female. After supper the ball was recommenced: they danced together again for some time. There was a prodigious company present, and it was easy to lose objects in the crowd. About three o'clock, finding myself a little fatigued, I proposed to withdraw. I desired Salmoni to inform Icoglan that I was going. In vain he sought him; he was not to be found. He came to tell me of it. It did not disturb me, as I imagined that the young man, tired with dancing, had retired. I had a

little before observed the duke and the princess in a box; and remarked a little alteration in the duke's countenance, and a certain air of triumph in that of the princess. I attributed both to Icoflan's departure, and, at that moment, did not at all doubt his being returned to the palace, at which I resided. When I was preparing to depart unperceived, that I might not interrupt the ball, the duke was near me.—You are separated from your conquest, then? said I.—I believe, princess, answered he, that she is, indeed, withdrawn; but if I were permitted to consider her under the title your excellence has just given her in jest, I should have little reason to be pleased; and her hasty disappearance would convince me, that she had not been very sensible to my attentions.—I would not have you, said I, smiling, throw away upon her any very deep sighs.—
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The young nobleman, who did not understand the true meaning of the words, answered very politely,—It is difficult not to regret being separated from any one who has the happiness to belong to your excellence.—He led me to my carriage, and we returned to the palace.

At my arrival I learnt that Icoglan had not made his appearance. At this I was a little surprised. However, as he was a youth of great sobriety, I was not much alarmed. Salmoni, who was better acquainted with Italian dispositions than I, did not appear quite so much at ease. He could not have had a greater affection for him, had he been his son: I also had a great regard for him. I endeavoured to remove Salmoni's fears.—All the company, said I, were in the secret. Is it not probable

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that

that the young officers of the vessel, who knew that he belongs to me, have drawn him into some party, or perhaps carried him on board? They might have thought that a mark of friendship to him would be agreeable to me. Tell him, however, when you see him, that these modes of absenting himself displease me, and I know it will never happen again.—My tranquillity calmed Salmoni's mind: I dismissed him, and retired to rest.

I was still in a profound sleep, when Salmoni entered my chamber. It was only eight o'clock. After offering his excuses for having disturbed me, he told me, that, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, the duke de Med * * * earnestly requested to speak with me, and that, unable to refuse his pressing solicitations, he had ventured to my apartment.—

apartment.—I am persuaded, added he, that it is concerning Icoglan; for he is not yet returned.---I flipt on a robe-de-chambre, and desired that the duke would enter.—Pardon my boldness, madam, said he, entering; but you see a man distracted. You have but too well read my heart: I confess I adore the lovely Turk who is in your suite; but we are, perhaps, on the point of losing her for ever.—How? cried I.—By the horrible jealousy of the princess P * * *. She has caused her to be carried off this night; and there are no lengths to which she is not capable of going. I could not help bursting into a violent fit of laughter at these words. The duke stood fixed with astonishment. Reflecting, however, that the young man might run some danger,—I am vexed, said I, for the princess, as the laugh will no doubt be against her.

Know, that this pretended rival, who has given such alarms to the princess, is a young man in my suite.—Is it possible? cried the duke.—Very possible, replied I. We must, however, think of procuring the poor captive his liberty: but it must be done so as to conceal, as much as possible, the ridiculousness of the adventure.—

I immediately charged Salmoni to go to the princess from me, to request to speak to her in private, to explain to her the jest ingenuously, to assure her that I had no concern in it, that I supposed her to be acquainted with it as well as the rest of the company, and to beg that she would restore a person who belonged to me. Salmoni departed. I desired the duke to withdraw into another apartment, till I was risen: I then rejoined him. We took chocolate together :

together: we talked over the story of the night: he turned off the joke with a laugh; and I agreed that his being caught was very excuseable.

Salmoni soon returned. He informed us, that the princess had set off, at five o'clock in the morning, in a coach and six: that he had in vain interrogated her servants, none of whom would give him any information; though, from the embarrassed manner in which they answered him, he doubted not that they had it in their power. He had, besides, noticed, in the court of the princess's hotel, a berlin covered with dirt, the horses of which, reeking with sweat, were unharnessing, and which was apparently the carriage that had carried off the poor Icgolan in the night.

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The affair now appeared to me more serious. I was grieved to see that this mistake would make a noise, which must inevitably cover the princess with ridicule, which I had wished to avoid.—How did you discover this affair? said I to the duke.—From one of the princess's servants, who is entirely devoted to me: but the secret was so well kept, that he could not inform me of the place destined for the reception of her prize.—After a long consultation, I saw no step we could take to deliver poor Icoglan, but addressing myself to the chief magistrate of Leghorn, and complaining of the insult that had been offered me in the person of a man who belonged to me, when, on a sudden, we heard the noise of a carriage in the court of the palace. Salmoni, running to a window, cried out,—There he is!—He flew to meet him, and a moment after presented

presented to us Icoqlan, who, in his sultana's habit, entered smiling, and said to me, with an air of gaiety, but at the same time respectful,—Pardon, princess, the uneasiness which I have no doubt given you, but it was the fault of my charms, and that fatal gift had like to have cost me dear. Your dream, sir, said he to the duke, appears to be vanished as well as mine; and I need not fear appearing before you with my dress a little deranged: one who has the happiness to attract your notice, however, runs great risques, I think.—

We could not avoid laughing at this sally of Icoqlan: his presence had restored our spirits; and we were eager to inquire what adventures he had met with. I will satisfy your curiosity, said he; but first permit me to take chocolate,

late, as I am half dead with fatigue, hunger, and even a little fear; for, I assure you, I did not pass all the night in merriment. When he had taken his chocolate, he began thus.

I had scarce left off dancing with you, sir, addressing himself to the duke, when a well-dressed man whispered me, that one of my friends from Rome wished to speak to me, and not willing to enter the ball room in his travelling dress, requested me to step out for a minute. I knew that my sex was a secret only to you and the princess P * * *, and of course was not in the least surprised at this proposal, which certainly would not have been made to a woman. I went out, therefore, without any mistrust. The man who had spoken to me offered me his arm, which I accepted with a coquettish air. When we had
passed

passed the outer gallery, I asked where the person was.---Only a step or two off, answered the man.---Scarce had I set my foot on the steps which led to the street, when four men, masqued, seized me; and he who accompanied me, putting a handkerchief into my mouth, and tying it behind my head, prevented me from crying out. They then forced me into a handsome carriage with six horses. My conductor placed himself by my side, and two of the men in masques on the front seat. I confess, at first, I was a little alarmed, fearing that the richness of my dress had tempted some thieves to this exploit; but the elegance of the carriage, and the ducal coronet, which I perceived on it, removed my apprehensions. I naturally guessed that it was an affair of gallantry; and, I must own, sir, I gave you the honour of the adventure; laughing to myself at the

the humorous conclusion that such an expedition, new in the annals of intrigue, would produce. The respect of my conductors confirmed me in my error. The handkerchief was removed from my mouth very soon after I had entered the coach, and the two men unmasked. The firm persuasion I had that they were acting by your orders, restored my gaiety, and I entered into conversation with them. They were silent only with respect to my destination: Our discourse was very jocular: and if, during this short journey, they took me for a woman, they must have thought me not very reserved. At length we arrived, about day-break, at a superb country seat. They made me alight, and enter a magnificent chamber.—Here then, said I, bursting out into a laugh, am I to receive my conqueror.

queror. The denouement will be pleasant.—Will he be soon here?—Who?—The duke.—I doubt your seeing the duke to-day.---This answer put me out of humour. I thought on the fright my absence would occasion. I feared, too, that the wind might change, and the vessel put to sea. I asked for pen, ink, and paper. They were refused me. I was going to fly into a passion, when my conductors said, in a few minutes you will see one who will satisfy all your demands. This assurance quieted me. A bason of soup was brought me: I took it, and began again to laugh with my keepers.

About six o'clock we heard a carriage enter the court.---The devil! said one of my keepers, the princess is come sooner than I expected: jealousy has certainly almost turned her brain.---

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The princess? cried I.---Certainly. You are in the house of the Princess P * * *.---I now perceived all the danger of my situation. In an instant she entered like a fury.---Now, wretch! thou art in my power. Nothing hinders me from sacrificing thee this instant; but, to glut my revenge, I will reserve that fight for thy base lover.---I stood immovable as a statue, at these words. To discover who I was, would have exposed me to another danger. She might, perhaps, instantly sacrifice me to her reputation, which would suffer much from such a story, if it got abroad,

She immediately called one of her women, and ordered a bath to be prepared for her. Whilst this was doing, she loaded me with invectives, for a quarter of an hour. At length she
quitted

quitted the room where I was, to go to the bath; pulled the door violently after her, double locked it, and went away.

It was with difficulty I could recollect myself after what had passed. I stood some time fixed to the spot where chance had placed me: at last my courage returned. I was on the ground floor. Hearing no person stirring, I guessed that every one was taking rest after the fatigues of the night. I opened softly one of the windows, which looked into the garden. I stole gently out of it, fortunately gained the adjoining park, ran across it, and found myself in a high road which is contiguous to it.

Escaped thus from my first danger, I was sensible of the one to which my dress

dress exposed me. I began, therefore, to take off my diamonds, and put them into my pocket: then giving myself up to the direction of Providence, I followed the road, without knowing whether it led. After walking about a quarter of an hour, I heard a carriage. It was empty. I asked the driver to what place he was going. He answered to Leghorn. I requested him to convey me thither: but the state in which he saw me made him hesitate. A few sequins removed his scruples. I got into the carriage.--I fled as fast as possible from the poniards of Madame P * * *: and here I am arrived safe.

As Icoflan's dangers were over, we laughed heartily at his adventure. It cured the duke of his inclination to espouse the princess. His family was inferior

ferior to few; he had great expectations, and could not, therefore, fail of a suitable match; not so rich, perhaps, but which would contribute more to his happiness. He wished to quit Leghorn, and accompany us to France, that the adventure might blow over. To this he asked my permission, which I readily gave. His love for the false sultana, changed to the tenderest friendship for Icoglan. They were of the same age, both extremely gay, and of the best disposition: it was natural, therefore, for them to form an intimate connexion. We agreed to conceal the history of the princess P * * * 's jealousy, as much as possible; but our precautions were vain. Icoglan appeared the same day at Leghorn in his own dress. He contributed so much to the amusement of every one at the ball, that all were caressing him. The princess, en-
raged

raged at the escape of her prey, dismissed some of her servants on the occasion. They recollected Ioglan, and spread every where the story of his being carried off; so that, in spite of our cautions, the princess became the talk of the whole city. This is the consequence of our passions, when not under the restraint of reason. Happy for us, when their ill-effects are confined to ridicule!

I met with no difficulty in prevailing on the captain of the French frigate to take on board the duke of Med * * *. His preparations for the voyage were soon made. Ioglan assisted him. One morning a gun fired from the frigate informed us that she would, according to all appearance, sail in the course of the day. The duke de Med * * * gave me and the French officers

officers a delightful breakfast, in a charming pleasure house, which he had on the sea-shore. We had plenty of time, as the captain would not set sail till the wind appeared settled, that I might not be exposed to the inconveniences of the sea more than was necessary. At length he informed us that it was proper to embrace that which now offered. We went in the pinnace on board the frigate, which, having already got under way, lay to for us.

C H A P. XIII.**LANDING OF MARIA CECILIA AT
TOULON.****ARRIVAL AT PARIS.**

WE had a very pleasant passage, and in four days arrived at Toulon. I thanked the officers of the French frigate for their attention to me, and, finding carriages waiting, I made but little stay, and set off for Paris. We travelled by short stages, as I have
before

before observed was my intention. Out of civility I had admitted the duke de Med * * * into my carriage, yet I had not done so without a kind of reluctance. I could easily perceive that his attentions to me were something more than simple politeness, and the situation of my heart did not permit me to be sensible to a new passion. I thought, however, that Madame Salmoni seemed to approve his wishes. The duke was a man of considerable rank, and very amiable: he was not rich, but his expectations were great; and I had a fortune sufficient to enable us to wait patiently till they should be fulfilled. These were my friend's ideas. Her aim was to see me married according to my rank; and she hoped that a new attachment, and the ties of matrimony, would entirely efface from my heart the remembrance of the Chevalier de * * *, who,

having now taken his vows, was altogether lost to me. But love does not reason thus; nor is it to be extinguished even by the loss of hope.

I saw that there was a confederacy formed against me. The duke endeavoured to make himself appear to me in the most advantageous light; and I must do him the justice to own, that he merited the attachment of no common heart. Monsieur and Madame Salmoni were incessantly entertaining me with his good qualities, and all they had heard at Leghorn of his generosity, courage, and nobleness of mind. They let no opportunity escape them of remarking to me his wit, the evenness of his temper, and the agreeableness of his company. As to Icoglan, his brain was turned with him: he never spoke of him but with enthusiasm.

I perceived

I perceived this league against my liberty, and promised myself to hold firm. It was not long before an occasion offered of explaining my sentiments.

I spent a few days at Lyons, to rest myself; and there, as every where else, I excited the public curiosity. I was loaded with honours and amusements. In this city I first began truly to conceive an high idea of the wealth and power of the French empire, and the extreme politeness of that people. I had scarce time to form a wish, before that wish was accomplished in twenty different ways. I endeavoured to show my gratitude to the inhabitants of Lyons, by appearing in public, at the walks, theatre, and assemblies, as much as possible. Every where I was received with acclamations: every where I experienced the gallantry of the French nation

nation. After a fortnight's rest I departed from Lyons: the pressing solicitations I received, not permitting me to quit that city before.

During this interval the duke had declared himself. I answered him without anger, but with such coolness as to leave him no great hope. Without lessening his attentions to me, he had condemned his passion to the strictest silence, nor once mentioned it till we arrived at Fontainebleau.

To view that palace, which was built by Francis I. I wished to spend a day there. I loved that king, who had formerly united his arms to those of my ancestors, and, on account of that alliance, was accused of heresy, at a diet held in Germany, by his proud rival Charles V. I traversed the apartments
of

of the palace with the duke, and chance left me tête-a-tête with him.—This, said the duke, was the abode of the most gallant man that ever existed. How happy was he in being a king! to be beloved, he had but to command.--- Do you think, said I, those favours, for which we are indebted to power, and not inclination, are very agreeable to him who receives them? and would you be loved in that manner?---It would be better than not to be loved at all, which is a torment I have experienced ever since I had the honour of knowing you. But must I give up all hope? and do you preserve your heart for a rival, of whom I cannot even enjoy the pleasure of being jealous, as he can no longer aspire to your hand?---You do not shew much address in recalling to my mind, what alone shuts my heart against you. Do not think it to be

either hatred or indifference, that makes me reject your vows. I am sensible of your worth: your only fault is having come the second.---Heavens! I am but too happy. You do not hate me: leave me the pleasing hope, that time may subdue the enemy that opposes me. ---I wish it: but I am persuaded I know my heart better than you: it is incapable of change.

How trifling a circumstance can flatter a lover! These few words, which, in reality, ought to have destroyed his hopes, had a contrary effect: they revived them. He had been sad from Lyons to Fontainbleau: he now resumed his gaiety; and I am obliged to confess, it was not easy to conceive a person to be more amiable. I then found that Salmoni and Emilia were entirely devoted to him: they shared his joy,

joy, and the latter afterwards spoke to me openly in his favour.

Is it possible, said I, that you, who have loved with so much constancy, can imagine it to be so easy to change?---I had always hopes, said she, of again seeing Salmoni; but the Chevalier de * * * is for ever lost to you.---That, said I, weeping, is not a reason why I should love another.---We neither of us convinced the other: but, to say the truth, we were neither of us aware of a circumstance, that placed a great difference between two hearts equally the victims of love. She was upwards of forty, I was but eighteen.

We at length arrived at Paris. I went to lodge at the *hotel de* * * *. The duke was very desirous of being in the same house; but I opposed it; and

Emilia, so much his friend as she was, pointed out to him, that the care I ought to take of my reputation rendered it highly improper. He asked permission to visit me. To this I consented, as I could not refuse it to a man whom I had suffered to travel with me.

On our arrival at Toulon we were apprized of the death of the regent. I foresaw that his decease changing the political views of the court, I should remain in ignorance of the motives which had made him desirous of my residing in France, and I was not deceived. At the end of two months I was presented at court: but neither the king, nor the ministers, gave me the least hint of the secret springs which had given rise to the solicitations that induced me to undertake my journey to France. I had not, however, the less honour, respect, and

and attention, paid me: and all Paris, where mode is every thing, was mad after the handsome Turk for a few days, and then thought no more of her. My fortune putting me above the necessity of asking favours, I did not appear under the disagreeable character of an importunate person, and of course met with more respect from the great. By degrees I saw myself falling into the rank of a wealthy individual, young and handsome, whose door fortune set open to people of distinction, yet who, confounded in the crowd, lived on a perfect equality with all those to whom opulence gave the same rights. My pride did not altogether relish this equality. But such is the capital of France, and the wife of a financier, who possessed a few millions more than I, had a right to besplash me with the mud of her carriage. The pleasures, however, with which
Paris

Paris abounds, and which my youth permitted me to enjoy, forced me frequently to lose sight of that confusion of ranks which vanity made me feel.

The prince de * * *, father of the chevalier, had not been one of the least eager to see me. I received him as the parent of the only man I loved in the world. I conceived for him the tenderest friendship. His appearance announced at once goodness of heart and nobleness of mind. His hair was white; and, notwithstanding my antipathy to old men, the sight of him, far from displeasing, had inspired me with the most affectionate confidence. It is true that, at fifty-five, he had none of the disagreeable marks of old age, except a certain air of gravity, which had hung over him ever since the death of the
princess

princess his spouse, whom he passionately loved, and which threw into his countenance an appearance of moroseness.

When he spoke to me, he appeared so affected with the opposition he had made to his son's love, and the pleasure he would have received from his being happy with me; at the same time so clearly convincing me of the solidity of the political reasons which had compelled him to oppose that union, reasons founded not only on the fortune of his son, but also on my own interest, that I was compelled to acknowledge him to have acted most prudently. We mingled our tears together. He talked to me of his son with so much affection, that I loved him the more, and saw in him a father who would be dear to me whilst I lived. I accustomed myself to bestow on him
the

the tenderest caresses; and I thought that I had omitted an essential duty, if I passed a day without visiting him. Thus, from the purest motives, I unsuspectingly prepared for myself the most cruel vexation I ever experienced.

He was not long without observing the assiduities of the duke de Med * * *. He mentioned it to me. I made no secret to him of the sentiments of my heart, and the little progress the duke had made in my affections. He could not avoid blaming my coolness to the duke, whilst he praised my fidelity to his son. He represented to me the advantage of such an alliance, which would introduce me into a family related to the greatest part of the sovereigns in Europe; and he finished by saying, with an emotion which I then attributed

attributed to the interest he took in my welfare, that he wished to see me united to a man worthy of me, even at the expence of half his blood.

The two first years of my abode at Paris I spent in seeing all that city affords, and in every kind of pleasure, that a select society, composed of the best company of the city and the court, could procure. I frequently went to Versailles, and Louis XV. always received me with distinction: he gave not a single entertainment to which I was uninvited. I led what may be called a most agreeable life. I had nothing to trouble me but the love of the duke, and that incessant repetition of speeches of gallantry, with which the beaux of France make it their glory to load a pretty woman. Could they be sensible how disgusting this practice, which they
make

make their chief study, is to a thinking woman, who is not devoid of principle, they surely would not take such pains to render themselves ridiculous.

I wrote frequently to the chevalier. I related to him every thing that happened to me, and my opinion of the Parisians. He answered me with punctuality; and his letters made me amends for the little vexations I occasionally received from his countrymen.

For some time, however, I had experienced a more substantial cause of uneasiness. Emilia's health was declining. It had been injured by a miscarriage, the consequence of which was a consumption. She wasted visibly, and I was truly alarmed. Those sentiments of affection, which fate had denied.

nied me to bestow where nature demanded, had been turned on her. In her I saw a mother; and the moment that would deprive me of her, represented itself to my imagination with all its horror. Besides my own grief, I had to support the uneasiness of her husband, who daily repaired to me to vent the sorrow he felt from the situation of his wife; and, to console him, I was obliged to assume a tranquillity that my mind was far from possessing.

Emilia scarcely ever went out. This confinement arose, in some measure, from fear. Icoglan had mentioned that he one day saw some Turks, who seemed to notice him with attention, and that afterwards, they were frequently in the street in which we lived. He had the imprudence to impart his suspicions

picious to Emilia. These, which had, perhaps, no foundation but in his own fancy, made a strong impression on the mind of a woman naturally timid. From this time she daily grew worse.

To calm her apprehensions, I addressed myself to the magistrate of the police, who desired I would make myself easy, as he would take such precautions as would make me as secure as if I were in the seraglio of my father.

All this I related to Emilia; but her fears were not to be surmounted: and, though she did not suffer them to be quite so visible, I perceived that the unexpected appearance of any person, or even the least unusual noise, particularly in the evening made, her turn pale.

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The period now approached when the iron hand of misfortune was to lay hold of me, never to quit its grasp till I take refuge in the tomb. The philosopher may laugh at presensions, but their existence is not less real. Of this I had too severe a proof. I could not cast off a kind of melancholy, that, in spite of myself, lay heavy on my mind. I frequently ascribed it to the situation of Emilia; but, on a stricter scrutiny, I felt, that it arose from a different source. It did not spring from disappointed love; for when my imagination was employed on the chevalier, when I wrote to him, or received his letters, it sensibly diminished, and those moments were the sweetest of my life. It was not disgust from being wearied with the passion of the duke; for, from the agreeableness of his disposition, that was become much less insupportable: and,

and, if I did not love him, at least I did not see him without a kind of pleasure. What then could occasion this melancholy? I knew not myself. My spirits were involuntary depressed, my eyes overflowed with tears, and I spent whole hours in an inconceivable state of dejection. The physicians asserted, that I had the vapours; but I was of a different opinion. My health was not impaired, my appetite was good, and my complexion had lost nothing of its freshness: it could only be a moral cause, therefore, as difficult to investigate as to cure.

I had another secret cause of disquiet, that troubled me not a little, which I carefully locked up in my own breast. I had, for some time, remarked an extraordinary change in the prince de * * *. He did not appear more cool in his behaviour

behaviour to me, but more constrained. He no longer gave me the appellation of daughter without emotion; he seemed to fear the innocent caresses. I gave him. When I spoke to him of his son, he still answered me with the same warmth of affection; but his eyes, in which rage was depicted, gave the lie to his mouth. If he found the duke with me, he became more grave; and I saw that it was difficult for him to behave with common politeness to that nobleman, for whom, at first, he had shewn the strongest friendship. Some expressions, that dropped from him unawares, conveyed to my mind an information at which I shuddered. I perceived that I had excited in him a fatal passion, which had made this unhappy father become, against his will, the rival of his son.

This

This discovery made me tremble. Without daring to make a confidant of any one, I resolved to give him no opportunity for an explanation. Whenever he visited me, I took care not to be alone; and Madame Salmoni's ill state of health serving me for a pretext, I declined going abroad. Thus he had no reason to complain of my shunning his house.

He guessed, from this conduct, that I had discovered his sentiments; but they had made too great a progress to be resisted; and I suspected, from the studied cautiousness of his behaviour whenever he came to my house, that he meditated some project, of which, sooner or later, I should be the victim.

C H A P. XIV.ATTEMPT TO CARRY OFF
MARIA CECILIA.

ABOUT this time an adventure happened that confined me more strictly than ever. A lady of my acquaintance, almost the only one who was not kept at a distance by the gloomy air which pervaded my house, came to visit me one morning. It was in the beginning

begining of the summer.—I am going for a few days, said she, to a little box which I have near the *bois du Boulogne*; come and pass the day with me; it will amuse you.—I refused it a long time. At last, seeing that it would be by no means disagreeable to Madame Salmoni, I consented. The duke was at Versailles: Salmoni would not quit his wife. I told Icoglan, therefore, to join us; that we would expect him at dinner, and in the evening I would return with him.

We went in my friend's carriage. We found at her house no one but her husband, two other ladies of my acquaintance, and two gentlemen who had accompanied them. Icoglan arrived at one o'clock. Thus our company consisted of eight persons. My gaiety revived, and we spent the most agreeable

agreeable day imaginable. Icoglan made us laugh till the tears came into our eyes. He mimicked, in the most whimsical manner, the old sultanas of the seraglio, their ridiculous pretensions to beauty, their affected airs of coquetry to fix the attention of the sultan, when by chance he passed by them. In the grimaces of Icoglan we recognised fifty Parisian dames, who still exhibited their charms, and endeavoured to catch admirers, though far in the wane of life. Icoglan did not put himself into a single attitude but we exclaimed,—See the old countess de B. the duchess de J. the president de Ch.—The day seemed to us all, indeed, but a single minute.

When the evening approached, I prepared to depart; but they pressed me so much to stay supper, that I could not

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refuse.—My carriage is at your service, said the lady of the house, since you are determined to return to Paris this evening.—I knew that Salmoni and Emilia would not be uneasy, as my friend had told them, that, at any rate, I should not return till after supper. This was not spent less pleasantly than the rest of the day. It was prepared in the garden, under a bower of honeysuckles, and friendship and freedom gave it a zest. At ten I looked at my watch: I observed to my friend, that it was late, and requested her to let the carriage be got ready.—How silly! said one of the ladies: it is the finest night, and the moon shines so pleasantly, let us accompany her; it will be a walk for us.—Every one eagerly embraced the proposal, and we gaily arose from the table. Crossing the garden, Icoflan, always merry, made a very low bow to
the

the moon. We asked what new whim had now seized him.---I bow to her ladyship, said he, because she is just in the same place as she was the evening of your quitting the seraglio; and surely she deserves a little compliment for having procured us, by lighting you on your flight, the honour of having supped this evening with you. I am most indebted to her, indeed; for if we had both remained in Turkey, there is little reason to suppose that I should ever have had the honour of sitting at table with you. For such a favour, it is but just that I should drink a bumper to her health.---This set us all laughing afresh: every one following Icoglan's example, drank a health to the moon, and we took the road to Paris in a merry mood.

My friends accompanied me to the end of *Cours-la-Reine*. I then requested that they would go no farther, as they had some distance to return home, and I had but a step. (In fact I had only to cross the *Place Vendome*, and should be at home in a instant). Observing, that Icoglan was with me, and I had nothing to fear. We took leave of each other, and separated, Icoglan giving me his arm.

We had scarcely taken fifty steps, when two tall men passed us. One of them said to the other, *it is she*; and the latter immediately seizing me, lifted me from the ground, and was running off with me. I shrieked out. Icoglan, who was extremely active, drew his sword, and ran the man through, who falling, dragged me with him. The other, who had nothing but a poniard, rushed

rushed on Icoqlan like a madman, to revenge his comrade. He adroitly parried all his thrusts, without retiring from me, and would have soon dispatched him; but two of the gentlemen who had supped with us, hearing my cries, ran to us, on which he took to his heels. The rest of the company coming up, I was soon recovered. They examined the man that Icoqlan had killed, and he recollected him to be one of the Turks, whom he had before observed. We were sensible of the danger we had run. We did not tarry long on the spot, to avoid the trouble this affair would have occasioned us, if the guard had come by.

When we got home, we related to Salmoni what had happened, and agreed to conceal it from his wife, whom Icoqlan's former suspicions had

but too strongly affected. I ordered horses to be put to a carriage, for the ladies, who would not quit me till they saw me safe home. One of the gentlemen had the goodness to conduct Icoglan to a place of safety; and my friend's husband went himself to the officer of the police, to whom he related the affair. That magistrate issued his orders immediately to apprehend the companions of the dead man, and particularly him who assisted in the attempt to take me away. There were five of them: they were all taken; but I have never since heard what became of them. The lieutenant of the police wrote to me the next day, that I might make myself perfectly easy; that he would answer with his life for my having nothing to fear; and that the young man, who had so bravely defended me, might again appear in Paris without dread of any inquiries

inquiries being made, as the person killed was not a subject of the king of France. Thus terminated an affair which had given me some reason to be alarmed.

The news soon spread over all Paris; and nothing was talked of, for some days, but the carrying away the Turkish princess. The prince de * * * flew to my house; and the terror which this adventure gave him would have betrayed his secret, had I not already guessed it. He was for going instantly to Versailles, to request of the king that a guard might be appointed for me: and that those, who, having the charge of the police, had not taken sufficient care of my safety, might be punished: in short, that the magistrate, who had thus suffered the laws of hospitality to be violated in my person, should be dismissed.

missed from his office. I had all the difficulty imaginable to restrain his zeal; but I could not avoid an explanation; and the conversation introducing it in spite of me, I was obliged to hear a declaration of his love. I tried all the powers of reason, honour and friendship, to stifle in him a passion, which I could never return, and which was so much the more affronting to me, as I knew that he could not offer me his hand, his immense fortune being almost wholly dependant on his not marrying again; and thus he could not do it without robbing his children, and particularly his eldest son, the idol and hope of his family, of an estate to which they had the most undoubted right.

I saw a man in despair. He felt all the force of my reasoning; but he was
under

under the mastery of an insurmountable passion, whose violence made me tremble. At length convinced, that prayers, gentleness, and even caresses, were vain, and seeing that he carried his audacity so far as even to reproach me with the love I preserved for his son without any hope of a legal union, I assumed that dignity which suited my birth, and threatened him, if he continued to persecute me, to address myself to the king, and to ask him, whether the daughter of the Ottoman throne was not to find protection in his kingdom from the insults of his subjects.

He knew my character: he knew that I was capable of carrying this threat into execution. He ceased, therefore, to trouble me, and departed, but with a threatening look. I saw that he meditated revenge for the insult he supposed

posed he had received, and I resolved to be more than ever on my guard against him.

One persecution left me but to make way for another. The duke, informed at Versailles of what had happened to me, returned to Paris like a man out of his senses.---This, said he, is the consequence of your unjust rigour. If you had accepted my hand, now that I am in full enjoyment of all my rights, would the assassins have dared to seek you, where you would have been a sovereign?---Then he would give himself up to tears, sighs, and complaints, and, in short, commit all the absurdities of which a lover, fearing for his mistress's life, can be capable. This scene was the more disagreeable, as Madame Salmoni was present; and thus learnt all that we had so cautiously concealed

cealed from her. At this news, that unhappy woman was more dead than alive; and the magistrate's letter with difficulty appeased her fears in a slight degree. Already put out of humour by the interview which I had just had with the prince de * * *, and irritated by the indiscretion of the duke, I gave him a very cool reception. But on this occasion I had more need of firmness than ever. They both united in the duke's favour, and I was the less capable of defending myself, as, at bottom, I had no good reason to give. I brought myself off by the usual subterfuge on such an occasion; that is, by demanding time, and promising, at some future day, to accede to their wishes.

No one knew, however, what passed in my mind. The chevalier was still

D 5 entirely

entirely master of my heart. I could not conceal from myself, that this love was without hope; but his constancy supported mine; and I could not cease to admire that courage which had led him to take his vows. When I first arrived at Paris, I had accompanied Emilia to the abbey of Val-de-Grace, where she had a friend. We spent some days in it. The devotion, quiet, and content, that reigned in that house, so worthy of being admired for the great examples of virtue which it has always given, made a deep impression on my mind. In that calm retreat, said I now to myself, will I finish a life tormented with an unhappy passion. I will imitate the example of the chevalier: fate having denied me to him, he has sought consolation from his God; I will do the same, and there find again that peace which has so long been a stranger to my breast.

The

The importunities of the duke de Med * * *, and the fatal discovery of the prince de * * * 's flame, had heightened my desire of retiring from the world. I, with sorrow, perceived that Emilia could not live long. I waited for the moment in which I should be deprived of her, then to accomplish my design; and by asking of the duke time to come to a determination, I flattered myself that I could protract the business till that period should arrive.

The adventure which had just happened to me, tended to confirm me in my resolution. If the emissaries of my father had not abated the diligence of their inquiries in twenty years, had I not reason to fear being still for a long time exposed to them? I had escaped the danger once; and many times, perhaps, had

had I been surrounded with snares, which I did not perceive. Could I always reckon on the same good fortune? And what persecution might I not expect in the seraglio, to compel me to renounce that religion, which would there be thought a crime, if I should ever become the victim of the schemes formed to entrap me? In retiring from the world, I should be safe from all these dangers. This step I at length determined on, as soon as death should close the eyes of Emilia, when a fatal event, with which all Europe and Asia rung, suspended my resolution, and put off, for a long time, the sacrifice of my liberty.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

ACHMET, FATHER OF CECILIA,
DEPOSED.

MADAME Salmoni had been worse for many days. We were in the greatest consternation. Her husband was inconsolable, and I was not much better than himself. She went off slowly, and, to the last, retained all her senses. We were not absent from her

her a moment. We restrained our tears, and affected a tranquillity we were far from possessing, in order to calm her mind. She was well convinced, however, of her situation, and called in the assistance of religion to enable her to support the cruel separation. Father Luke, a capuchin, who joined to the greatest piety, justness of thought, a cultivated mind, and an unimpeached probity, was her constant companion for six months; and taught her to support, with courage, the terrors of death, and the painful sensations which her affection for us often conveyed to her heart. Those moments in which she gave a loose to her love were particularly painful. Perceiving, by her weakness, that her last hour was approaching, she had desired the consoling presence of her God. The *viaticum* was brought her; and that august ceremony

mony was surely the most affecting scene in the world. I can scarcely, even now, conceive how I could support it. She felt sufficient strength to rise on this occasion. It was about five o'clock in the evening. She was on her knees when the priest approached to administer to her the communion.—O my God! said she, a miserable sinner expects thy coming with impatience; but how shall I, laden with iniquities, dare to appear before thy throne? What prayers can obtain pardon for all my transgressions? It is to you my daughter, said she, taking me by the hand, that I shall owe this signal favour. Yes, my God, it is she whom I have snatched out of the paths of error, whom I have torn from the bosom of worldly greatness, that unhappy snare which steals so many hearts from thee, whom I have delivered from the bonds of idolatry, to conduct into the
light

light of thy truth, that I offer as an atonement to soften the rigour of thy justice. Let her virtues intercede for me, O God: let them be placed betwixt thy wrath and a trembling sinner. Let that terrible moment, in which thy creature is about to appear before thee, teach her, that all in which we pride ourselves on earth will one day vanish like a dream, and that all of which I have deprived her is but as dust at the day of judgment. And if the prayers of sinners can be agreeable in thy sight, O God, recompence me by showering down thy blessings upon her.—

We all melted into tears, and I was in a situation not to be described. The priest himself could not withhold his; and the affectionate exhortation, which he gave to Emilia, was frequently interrupted with sobs. She only was calm.

Religion,

Religion, and the duty she was performing, alone occupied her mind: peace and confidence brightened her dying eyes, and beamed from her countenance, grown wan with disease.

The awful ceremony seemed to have softened the severity of her pains, and, for the few days she survived it, she seemed more at ease. Salmoni, Icoglan, and I, passed the night with her by turns. In vain she endeavoured to prevent us from doing it: we insisted on it; and though she had nurses, our tenderness for her would not permit us to rely on the care of any one but ourselves. The night following the ceremony I have just mentioned, it was my turn to watch. For a long time she had ceased to take any sleep. At midnight I dismissed Icoglan and Salmoni, and, during

during the remainder of the night, she discoursed to me on the sublimity of religion, and the comforts which they, who have always followed its laws, feel in the hour of death. She afterwards imparted to me the little arrangements she had made; and put into my hands a little box, containing the securities of my fortune, for which I had never yet asked her, and the fetfa of the sultan, which attested my birth; informing me of the respect due from every musfulman to this badge of authority. She told me also, that she had placed in the hands of father Luke what ready money she had of mine, which was a considerable sum. This priest, who was taking a moment's repose in an arm chair by the fireside, confirmed this to me. At seven o'clock she appeared inclined to sleep, and I stole softly from her bedside.

Salmoni

Salmoni entered the instant after. I made signs to him, that she was sleeping, and we withdrew into another apartment. I acquainted him how she had passed the night. Looking on me with a tender concern,—princess, said he, your kind attentions to my spouse fills me with gratitude; but let me intreat you to moderate them; they will finish with destroying your health also.

It is nothing, said I: what passed yesterday deeply affected me, and may, perhaps, have caused the slight alteration in my countenance, which you observe; and I am certain it would go off, were I to take the air for a minute.

Well then, said he, do me the honour to accept my arm. Emilia is asleep;
Icoglan

Ecoglan is stirring, and will not leave her; we are at the gate of the Boulevard, let us go thither to take the air for a quarter of an hour; the weather is fine, and it must be of great service to you.

An involuntary movement, which I cannot account for, brought the tears into my eyes at this proposal. Salmoni perceiving it, and, attributing it to the situation of his wife, said,—you afflict yourself too much; let me beg you to take care of yourself for my sake. What would become of me at this cruel moment, had I not the support of your friendship?—Wiping my eyes, I took his arm, and, after satisfying ourselves that Emilia was asleep, we went out.

After

After a few turns on the Boulevard, I observed to Salmoni, that I grew faint, and seemed as if I wanted some refreshment. We are at a little distance from home, said he; you, perhaps, will not have strength to reach so far; I would recommend to you to go into a coffee-house, if you have no objection. It was early; and, at Paris, no one thinks any thing of a woman's being seen at such a place. I readily agreed to it. Salmoni ordered coffee: luckily there was no one there, and we breakfasted alone together. Salmoni arose to pay for our coffee. I accidentally cast my eyes on a newspaper lying on the next table: they naturally stopped at the article *Constantinople*. The first words that I read were: "Yesterday the janissaries went in a body to the seraglio, and having proclaimed Sultan Mahomet V. deposed the sultan Achmet."—

"Achmet."—I could read no farther. I gave a shriek. Salmoni ran to me.—Good God! what is the matter?—O my father! my unhappy father! was all I could say; and I fainted away. The mistress of the coffee-house came to my assistance: I was carried to a private apartment, and laid on a bed. In a little time I came to myself. During this time Salmoni had looked over the fatal newspaper, and easily discovered the cause of my distress. He was on his knees at the side of the bed when I recovered; and his first words were,—be comforted, princess; your father is not dead; notwithstanding the prevalence of custom, their respect for him has saved his life.—Is it possible? said I. Do you not deceive me?—To convince me, he read the paragraph.—If it be thus, I will quit France: I will fly to give him all the assistance in my power, to

to share his prison. At this moment perhaps he has not a single friend to partake in his griefs!—Salmoni thought it best to let the first effusions of my passion vent themselves uncontradicted, and take a future hour to point out to me the difficulty of the attempt.

He sent for a coach immediately; and whilst we were waiting, the mistress of the coffee-house, who had learnt, from our discourse, who I was, and the cause of my fainting, could not avoid saying, whilst she expressed her sorrow for my having learnt the news in her house, that the newspaper was now an old one, and it was strange I had not known it sooner. She added, that later advices gave a particular account of this event, of the magnanimity which my father had displayed on the occasion, of the noble speech he had made to his successor when he quitted the throne,

and of the liberty given him, out of reverence to his virtues, of retiring to Amasia, where, though he was not permitted to go any where without a guard, he was exposed to no danger, as his nephew, when he seized the sceptre, had sworn, that his life should ever be held sacred.

This, in some measure, allayed my grief. The coach arrived; and having amply recompensed the mistress of the house for the care she had taken of me, finding myself sufficiently recovered to support the motion of the carriage, I stepped into it with Salmoni, and we returned home.

I could not conceive how the knowledge of this event had escaped me. I had already complained that several
2 numbers

numbers of the paper, which was commonly brought me, had been neglected. I soon discovered that the friendly attention of Icoglan had been the cause of this. He had learnt the news, to which all Paris was no stranger; and foreseeing it would be in the public papers, he had taken care to prevent all those in which it was mentioned from coming to my hands. He had imparted his design to Monsieur and Madame Salmoni, and the duke of Med * * *, who all approved it.

On my arrival, Icoglan came to assist me to alight. She knows all, said Salmoni to him. They both supported me to my apartment. The poor Emilia seemed to collect all her strength to give me consolation: she would be carried in a chair to my bedside.—Why do you afflict yourself? said she. He lives, and lives with glory. Seldom do

we derive new lustre from our fall; but your father's has proved to the whole world that he was a hero. He has lost some of his grandeurs: but are grandeurs to be depended on? He had great virtues; and of those virtues it was not in the power of man to deprive him. The fall of your father is, perhaps, an example the most consolatory that heaven could give the world: it teaches us, that our fame depends on ourselves alone, and not on adventitious circumstances.

The duke entered immediately after, and I then discovered his real worth. Your misfortune, amiable princess, said he, renders you but the more dear to me. It was not the daughter of a sovereign that I admired in you, it was the most estimable woman I knew. You have lost nothing by the misfortunes of your august father, nor are you less in my

my eyes the 'object' most worthy of respect in the universe.

I then acquainted them with my intention of going to seek my father, and pay him, whilst under his misfortunes, those duties which nature demanded at my hands. They pointed out to me all the dangers to which I should be exposed, and did all they could to dissuade me from an enterprize, which, to them, appeared impracticable. But I had always the misfortune to be obstinate in my resolves. My resolution was fixed; and though I seemed to yield to their objections, it was merely to get rid of a conversation, that brought unpleasing ideas to my mind.

On this occasion I was sensible of the different effects of love: in some it elevates the mind, in others it debases it. The facility of conquest, which a

great name, large fortune, and amiable person bestow, frequently blinds the best heart, by leading it to suppose, that there is no woman who can resist those attractions. This misled the prince de * * *, who, a worthy man in the eyes of all the world besides, was a contemptible wretch to me alone. I had ceased to see him, since the explanation in which he had gone such lengths. I had been careful, however, not to acquaint the son with his father's passion, as it would have highly alarmed his sensibility. Nor was I perfectly at ease on the chevalier's account, many posts having arrived without my hearing from him; and this silence afflicted me not a little.

The deposition of Achmet III. renewed the hopes of prince de * * *. He now saw in me only the daughter of a dethroned potentate: a person, therefore, of no consequence; in whose fate the

the sovereigns of Europe would no longer interest themselves, because I could no longer serve their political purposes: perhaps a woman without resource; as, not knowing on what my fortune was founded, he might suppose, that I depended intirely on the Turkish court for my subsistence. Judging of me, no doubt, by the women he had been acquainted with, he thought my pride would have fallen with my fortunes, and that, adapting my sentiments to the degradation of my estate, I should be too happy to depend for every thing on his bounty, whilst he might possess me without subjecting himself to the ties of marriage, into which, as I have before observed, it was impossible for him to enter.

Joining audacity to such an absurd opinion, he paid me a visit, in which he explained his sentiments to me, without

employing the least delicacy to gloss them over. On his entrance I received him with affability, as, notwithstanding our former breach, I still beheld in him the father of the man I loved. This deference appeared to him a happy omen; and flattering himself at once with success, he affronted me with a declaration in the plainest terms. I own I was stupefied: rage rendered me motionless. Recovering from this kind of lethargy, into which pride and resentment had plunged me, I rang the bell. My servants entered.—The first time, said I, that this man knocks at my door, let him be refused admittance. Then rising, be gone, said I haughtily; yes, though you are prince de * * *, I will make you repent this insolence. He went out with a smile, saying,—You are too handsome for time not to soften this violent temper.—A look of contempt was my only answer.

Who

Who would believe it! the prince de * * * was perfectly a man of honour, brave, generous, beneficent, popular, and of an unimpeached probity. If any one doubt it, after learning his past and future conduct to me, I would say, —It is because you are not a Frenchman; you are unacquainted with the higher class of people of the French capital, who have struck out of the list of social virtues what we owe to women; and yet these people boast of serving them. In my country they are confined, 'tis true; but they are never exposed to insult.—

I imagined that the treatment he had received would entirely free me from the visits of the prince de * * *. I carefully concealed this scene, fearing the revenge which Salmoni, Icoglan, and especially the duke of Med * * *, would take for the insult offered me. Fatal caution! which brought me to the

brink of a precipice, and was the cause of the greatest of my misfortunes. I cannot even now think of it without shuddering.

Let the reader, who fears to have his heart softened by the tender emotions of pity, here shut the book. A continued series of misfortunes cover the remaining part of the canvas: scenes of calamity, horror, or pity, are all that I have now to paint.

CHAP. XVI.**DEATH OF EMILIA.**

THE loss of my dear Emilia is the first that offers itself to my trembling hand. That dreadful moment at last arrived, which was to separate me for ever from my mother, my counsellor, my best friend, the only good, except the Chevalier de * * *, that attached me to life. Beloved, respected
E 6 woman!

woman! If, in the grave, thou can still be sensible of what passes on earth, how many sighs must the fate of thy ward have cost thee! Of all that she received from thee, she has nothing left but her virtues.

For some days she had every now and then been seized with fainting fits; and the physician could not conceal from us, that they were the fatal preludes to the dreaded catastrophe. Father Luke profitted by some intervals, to administer to her the last offices of the church. She was not alarmed, but passed the remainder of the day pretty peaceably. In the evening, as we were sitting by her bedside, she took my hand and that of her husband.—Princess, said she to me, to you I recommend this poor unfortunate; he merits it; I am sure he will never forsake you. I bathed her hand with my tears, and assured her, that I would

would always consider him as my best friend. Her husband was choaked with sobs: he could not speak a word.—Do not afflict yourselves, my friends, said she; I shall not leave you yet; I do not feel myself ill. Would you, by your tears, prevent my conversing with those who are dear to me? Let us change the subject. Icoglan, I will see if you have a good memory: bring me a gilt casket, which you will find on my toilet. Icoglan did so. Rising gently, she set up in her bed, and opening the casket, took out of it a jewel, which she presented to him.—I can scarcely think, said she, that you recollect that jewel.—Pardon me, fair Fatima, said Icoglan, with a smile, after having examined it, it was sent you by your relation from Ormus, and delivered to me for you by my good friend there.—

It

It has given you sufficient trouble for you to deserve a little pleasure from it, Will you permit me, my friend, said she to her husband, to present this to the companion of my slavery?—Salmoni fell on Icoglan's neck, and, taking his hand, presented it to his wife, who put the jewel into it.

Supper time being come, we asked, whether our supping at her bedside would not disturb her. She assured us, it would, on the contrary, afford her pleasure. She was cheerful during the supper: our situation may easily be supposed. We admired her fortitude. With full hearts, and tears standing in our eyes, we endeavoured to conceal our grief by forced smiles. Cyprus wine was served at the desert.—This, my dear friend, said she to me, was the first nourishment you received: I gave you your first glass of wine: in return
give

give me that which will apparently be the last I shall drink.—I obeyed her, and, with a trembling hand, gave her a drop. She drank it to our health:—May you, my friends, live long; I shall leave you soon.—Father Luke, perceiving the situation softened her too much, turned her thoughts imperceptibly to that infinite bliss, which would recompence her loss.

About midnight she had a fainting fit, which continued much longer than the preceding ones, and alarmed us highly. Her senses returned, however, about two o'clock. She wished to discourse with father Luke, and we retired. At four she desired us to be called. She embraced her husband tenderly, pressed me to her bosom, and gave her hand to Icoglan, who watered it with tears.—Adieu, my friends, said she; do not forget a woman, who has lived only to
love

love you. Preserve those virtues which I know you to possess, that we may meet again; for I die in a firm persuasion, that God will receive me to his mercy. I have wished but for one favour; it was to give you all my last blessing. God has heard my prayer, and I go to him with confidence. I feel my hour is approaching—I feel---Adieu! ---Her head sunk---her eyes closed---she slept in the bosom of eternity.

Father Luke dragged us from the mournful sight. That worthy priest did not quit us. He did every thing to console us, calling in the aid of religion, so powerful to enable us to support affliction. Icoflan took charge of the last duties paid her by our friendship. Her funeral was suitable to her fortune, and the rank she held about me. Her unfortunate spouse was unable to assist at it;

it; and Icoglan and I attended her to the grave.

I passed six weeks with Salmoni, shut up from all the world, without seeing any person, not even the duke of Med * * *. At this time, however, I told Salmoni plainly, that, whatever difficulties might be started, I was resolved to go to my father, to acquit myself of the duties imposed on me by nature: duties ever sacred, notwithstanding the difference of religious opinions. When he found my resolution was taken, and that nothing could dissuade me from it, he told me, that he would accompany me; and if I perish, said he, in the enterprize, at least I will perish in serving you.

However smooth the sentiments of my heart had made every difficulty to my imagination, the undertaking was not

not the less rash in itself. To what great and inevitable dangers should we not be exposed in Turkey, exclusive of those inevitable in so long a voyage? No one is ignorant of the risk a Turkish woman runs, who has quitted the mussulman religion, to embrace the Christian: and it was very possible that I might be discovered. How difficult must it not be to approach my father, a dethroned sultan, undoubtedly surrounded with spies? And would not the secret visit of an unknown person, that must be considered as a foreigner, highly alarm the Ottoman jealousy? Besides, to what punishment would not Salmoni and Icoglan be exposed, were they known; the former as a Christian surprized with a Turk, the latter as a Turk faithless to Mahomet? All these perils, which presented themselves clearly to my imagination, the affliction of the duke of Med * * *, the
extreme

extreme inquietude which I should give the Chevalier de * * *, nothing, in short, was capable of balancing in my mind a step, which, to have dispensed with, I should have thought a sacrilege.

I resolved, should I escape so many dangers, and be once more brought by Providence to a Christian land, to dedicate myself wholly to the service of religion. The present state of my fortune rendered a retreat in some measure indispensable. Since Emilia's death, I had learnt the failure of the banker in Italy, to whom the greatest part of my fortune was intrusted. Ten thousand livres a year were all that I had left. This small portion of the wealth I once possessed, appeared to me sufficient for a dowry in the house of which I should make choice. Father Luke, who had four thousand louis
d'ors

d'ors of mine, gave them to me soon after the death of my friend. This sum was sufficient for the expence of my voyage. Should I fall a sacrifice to my attempt, and my friends survive, I should not leave them distressed. Salmoni had a competence; and, having no children, it was to be presumed, that Icoflan, whom he loved as his own son, would be his heir. Whether, therefore, it were my lot to die, or to escape, I had no uneasiness about the future.

I recommended to my two friends, to keep my departure a profound secret. I wished to avoid the uneasiness that the persecutions of the duke of Med * * * 's love, which became every day more violent, whilst the change in my fortune seemed to give him still more right to expect being listened to, must give

give me. Little did I think myself on the eve of being freed from his love by the most terrible catastrophe!

CHAP. XVII.

EMILIA CECILIA QUITS ROME
WITH THE CHEVALIER.

VERY preparation was made for my voyage on the fifth of the month, the month of which was fixed for my departure. I was desirous of having a passport that I might pass with no difficulties on my journey. The count was at Fontainebleau. I went thence from Paris on the eighth with

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

MARIA CECILIA QUILS ROME
WITH THE CHEVALIER.

EVERY preparation was made for my voyage on the sixth of the month, the twelfth of which was fixed for my departure. I was desirous of having a passport, that I might meet with no difficulties on my journey. The court was at Fontainebleau. I went thither from Paris on the eighth, with

with the design of asking the minister for it myself. A slight indisposition confined Salmoni at home, and I wished to leave Icoylan at Paris for some trifling business which remained to be finished. I set off, therefore, alone, in my post-chaise, with one running footman. On my arrival at Fontainebleau, I repaired to the minister, to whom I imparted my design, and the need I had of a passport. He promised me one; but thinking the king might wish to have it drawn up in a fuller manner than usual, he would first take his orders on the subject. In fact, about nine in the evening, he had the politeness to come incognito himself to bring it me. It was not only written in the politest terms, but intended also to serve me as a letter of credit, if I should have need of one. He told me, that the king considered this journey only as a leave of absence, which he granted me,

me, and that he promised himself I should, on my return, give the preference to his dominions to take up my abode in. I answered, that it was my intention, as I had received too many favours from so great a king not to desire ardently to see him again, and that I certainly should not have departed without testifying my gratitude to him personally, if it had not been so: but the secrecy which I thought it necessary to keep concerning my journey, giving all the world reason to suppose that I was not absent, I had declined so pleasing a duty, as it was of much consequence to me to conceal my departure from many persons of his court. The minister took upon himself to represent my regret to his majesty, and explain to him the reasons which had hindered me from presenting myself at the palace.

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After

After the minister had left me, having nothing more to detain me at Fontainebleau, and being informed that the roads were safe whilst the court resided there, I sent for horses to return to Paris. It was near midnight when I sat out. The moon shone bright, and I had not the least apprehensions. The road is much frequented, and I had always a degree of courage, which prevented my being a prey to those silly fears so usual in my sex.

I had got about five leagues on my journey, and my footman was some way before me. I was sleeping in the carriage, when, on a sudden, the postillion stopped; and I heard some voices threatening to blow out his brains if he advanced a step. I imagined myself amongst thieves, and prepared to give them what I had about me without

hesitation. I let down the window: a man opened the door, and desired me to alight. On my making a slight resistance,---Do not compel us, madam, said he, to use violence.---At this I alighted. Another man took me in his arms; and I observed, on the right of the road, a carriage with six horses. Let the reader judge of my fright, when I discovered the man, who assisted me to alight, to be the prince de * * *. ---Monster! cried I, struggling to prevent my being put into the carriage that stood ready. A berlin passing by at the instant, my cries drew the attention of those who were in it. I redoubled them, in spite of the efforts my ravisher made to stop my mouth. I heard a person cry out,---Heavens! 'tis Cecilia!---I knew the duke of Med * * * 's voice.---Save me, save me, cried I.---The prince, enraged at this interruption, leaving me to his servants,

vants, advanced to the duke.---Who are you, said he, that oppose my designs?---The lover of that lady, answered the duke, and the enemy of all those who insult her.--You can be no one but the duke of Med * * * then, replied the prince, and see in me a rival, who has long thirsted to sacrifice you to his hatred.---Their swords were drawn, and, notwithstanding the disparity of age, a furious combat began.

I can scarcely now conceive how I survived the surprise, fright, and horror of the scene I have to relate. Whilst they were engaging with equal address and vigour, a post-chaise from Fontainebleau, the noise of which had not interrupted the combatants, arrived on the field of battle. I blessed heaven for sending the duke and me such a timely reinforcement. I continued crying out,

imploring the succour of those in the chaise. It stopped. A young man hastily leaped out,---Heavens! exclaimed he, do I not deceive myself? Is it my Cecilia?---The astonishment into which I was thrown by the sound of that loved voice, for it was the chevalier, suspended all my faculties. The prince de * * *, who knew the voice as well as I, turned this unexpected event with incredible policy to the accomplishment of his horrible project. Wearied with an engagement, that, from his advanced age, could not but terminate fatally to him, he cried out instantly,---Is it you Chevalier de * * *? Is it you my son? Protect your father and your mistress.—My hair stood erect with horror at this execrable dissimulation. I saw the danger of the unhappy duke of Med * * *, who was on the point of falling a victim to that generosity, which had brought him to my assistance.

assistance. I saw that the chevalier, deceived by the artful words of his father, was about to cast me himself down the precipice, and that I should be sacrificed by that hand which was most dear to me. I attempted to speak, but my strength failed me: and what could I have said to three madmen, who were blinded with rage? The prince de * * *, too brave, however, to engage two against one, left the field of battle to his son, and, without waiting the issue of the combat, ran to me, caught me in his arms, put me into the carriage, stepped in after me, and in a few minutes we were far from the bloody scene. The combat did not long remain undecided: my last look saw the duke fall beneath the sword of the chevalier.

I had hitherto preserved my senses: but when, finding myself alone in the

poach with the prince de * * *, I reflected on the sudden appearance of the chevalier, whom I imagined at eight hundred leagues distance, and the sad fate of the duke of Med * * *, who, for being my defender, fell by the hand of the only man on earth I loved, who, on his part, thought himself fighting in my cause, and when I thought of the danger I myself ran, now the prince de * * * had me in his power, my strength forsook me, and I fainted, crying out vengeance.

My cruel ravisher did not slacken his pace to give me any assistance: he merely applied some salts to my nose. For a long time this application was in vain: but the motion of the carriage, the freshness of the air now day began to break, and my involuntary horror of the prince, who pressed me in his arms
to

to support me, recalled me to life. We entered Paris, and in a few moments were at his door.

I then felt that I had need of all my resolution, and the sight of instant danger revived all my courage. The prince gave me his hand to alight, and conducted me to his closet. When we were alone, he attempted to excuse the insult he had offered me, by imputing it to the violence of his love. He informed me, that he was acquainted with the recent loss my fortune had sustained, which ought to make his liberal offers more acceptable to me. I suffered him to talk without interruption. When he had finished, I answered him, with all the coolness of which I was capable, —There are but two things that oppose your wishes, my virtue and my pride of blood. I am in your power, but if

you employ force, I shall find avengers. That, however, will be unnecessary, as I know you will suffer me to depart. He was going to laugh at this idea, when suddenly drawing two pistols from my pockets, which I put into them on my leaving Fontainebleau, and which I then recollected, I presented one at his breast, and the other at my own head.—The least motion, said I, and we are both dead. If you neither respect my sex, nor my rank, at least dread my courage.—The tone in which I spoke these words, the rage that flashed from my eyes, my firmness, and above all his knowledge of my character, froze him. He stood petrified. I did not think it proper to give him time for reflection: I opened the door; I went out; not as a woman flying through fear, but as a conqueror who had just dictated laws to his opponent. He neither dared to follow me, or even to speak

Speak a single word. I quitted the closet, and was soon in the street.

At first I could scarcely walk. I was like a person just awaked from a fatiguing dream. I yet doubted whether I had escaped from the dangers I had run. I was advanced some little distance from the prince's house with the two pistols still in my hands. I recollected the impropriety of this circumstance: I then put them up hastily. Luckily it was early, there were but few people in the street, and my agitation was not observed.

I had scarce gone a hundred paces, before I met the chevalier, who no doubt was going to alight at his father's. I stopped his carriage.—Where are you going? said I. You know not all the horrors of this fatal night: permit me at least to have

a little conversation with you before you go to your father. Ah, chevalier! was it thus we were to meet?—He requested me to come into his carriage, and we drove to my house.

Salmoni and Icoglan, who little expected him, embraced him tenderly; and the scene our meeting offered for a quarter of an hour was extremely affecting. I should find it difficult to relate what passed in my heart. Joy at seeing the chevalier, the fright his father had thrown me into, the grief I felt for the death of the duke, and the fatigue I must have undergone in such a night, oppressed me at once. I retired to my bed, and when I was lain down, I admitted my three friends to my chamber.—Ah, my dear chevalier! said I, you thought yourself this night snatching me from a vile ravisher; but know that your father was that ravisher.

visner, and that the duke of Med * * *, whom you killed as innocently as inconsiderately, was, like you, defending me from the insult with which I was threatened.—

It is easy to conceive the astonishment of all three. I had hitherto carefully concealed from every one the passion of the prince de * * *. If the reader has not forgotten the nobleness of mind of the chevalier, the respect he bore his father, and the confidence he had of my having sound friends and protectors in all of his family, he may easily form an idea of the pain he felt from my narration of what had happened to me, and particularly of the events of the preceding night. He could not forgive himself for having slain a man who was generously defending me, nor could he drive from his mind the conduct of his father.

I then gave him an account of the present situation of my fortune, and the resolution I had formed to go to my father. This step was perfectly conformable to the principles of the chevalier, and I expected that he would approve it. I then tenderly reproached him for having suffered me to be so long without hearing any thing of him — Do not be displeased with me for it, said he: I have been three months on a cruise, in a Maltese galley, of which I have the command. I had put into Toulon to refit. Unable to resist the desire of seeing you, and impatient to embrace my father, I left my vessel, which I found would take some days in repairing, in charge of my lieutenant, and, making the most of the time I could spare from my duty, I travelled night and day from Toulon to the unfortunate spot where I met you. Think of my sensations when I heard your voice and
that

that of my father! Had a precipice been at my feet I should have leaped down it to fly to your assistance. I had reckoned to pass two days with all that was dear to me in the world, to embrace you, and depart. Heavens! was I to take such a journey to find a father criminal, and to become so myself! —

Salmoni, who had listened to us with attention, grown prudent and cautious from years and experience, said to us, — There is no time to be lost; we must all set off to-day, for the following reasons. This adventure will no doubt make a great noise: the duke is related to the first families in the kingdom: they will endeavour to revenge his death: your father's influence, chevalier, will protect you; but the affair will not be soon terminated, and perhaps even your liberty may be in danger: you
are

are here without leave; and your quitting your command may be made a crime: you must depart without seeing any one, and leave those who have been the cause of so many misfortunes, to save themselves as they can. You, madam, may be involved in the difficulties arising from this adventure, and public report is always injurious. It is best, therefore, to avoid these. We intended to take the road through Lyons: to conceal our journey, let us take that through Bordeaux, which leads also to Provence. The chevalier will accompany you. All four of us may go in your berlin, and all shall be at a distance, before it will be known what road we have taken. Your own horses will take us a few posts; and your passport is so drawn up, that no one will dare to refuse you horses in any place.

We

We agreed on the reasonableness of Salmoni's advice. In less than an hour our baggage was put into my carriage, and at noon we had left Paris.

I confess I now thought myself freed from a heavy load, which had long born hard upon me. The love of the prince de * * * had embittered my life, and that of the duke of Med * * * had been a torment to it. I could no longer bear to live in a house where every thing brought Emilia to my remembrance. I was with the only persons for whom I felt any affection; and was returning to my father, or rather going to see him for the first time. On all these accounts I felt a joy which had long been a stranger to my heart.

Our conversation naturally turned on what had happened; and we were endeavouring

deavouring to discover how the prince de * * * became so well informed of my actions, as to place himself so opportunely on the road from Fontainebleau to intercept me. After a long time attempting in vain to guess the source of his intelligence, I, on a sudden, recollected, that the lacky, who then rode before me, had never since made his appearance.—He, no doubt, was the traitor, said I, corrupted by the prince's gold. The prince was certainly at Fontainebleau: that villain acquainted him with my being there; and, I now remember, I could not conceive the reason of my not getting post horses till twelve, when I had ordered them at nine: it must have been with design for the prince to have time to make his preparations, and be ready on the road to meet me. I remember too, that, on my showing some unwillingness to set off at such an unseasonable hour,

hour, he endeavoured to persuade me, that there was not the least danger.—

This idea appeared most probable to us all; and we shall soon find that I was not mistaken. Whilst we were discoursing on this subject, we arrived at Estampes, where we took post horses. I ordered my coachman to sell my horses immediately on his return to Paris, to discharge the postillion, take a place in the stage coach, and join us at Toulon, where, by taking the road through Lyons, he would arrive as soon as we should. I knew the trustiness of this man; and he was the only one of my servants that I chose to retain.

We did not stop till we came to Poitiers. There we spent a few hours, as I was in need of rest; the horrid night, on which I left Fontainebleau, having
extremely

extremely fatigued me; and I had not been in bed for three nights, except the few minutes I lay down before leaving Paris. Salmoni, however, was too prudent to permit us to stay long. The chevalier expected to find his galley thoroughly repaired on his return, and had offered to carry me to Naples, where I should easily find a vessel to some port in the Levant, from which the journey to Amasia, by land, would be very easy. In two days we arrived at Bordeaux; and, continuing our journey through Toulouse, stopped at a small town, called Villefranche-de-Lauraguais, a few leagues beyond it. At this place we staid two days to rest ourselves, preferring it to a larger city, where we should be exposed to more eyes, and, of course, more easily discovered, if any search were made after us.

Eight days after our leaving Paris we arrived at Toulon. The chevalier found his galley refitted, and ready for sea the next day. My coachman arrived the same day. For fear of not overtaking us, he had disposed of my horses at Estampes, returned immediately to Paris, and taking a post horse the next day, rode from that city to Aix, before the post to Rome. By travelling thus expeditiously, he arrived at Toulon nearly at the same time as we did. He informed us, that before his departure, he had gone to my house, to learn if my domestics had heard any thing. The porter told him, that, the evening after we left Paris, a messenger came from the prince de *** , to request that I would go to his house, as he was extremely ill, and had something to say to me before he died. Desirous of having more certain information, he went into the neighbourhood

hood of the prince's house, in which there appeared to be a great deal of confusion; but, unfortunately, seeing no one whom he knew, he durst not ask any questions, for fear of being suspected.

This account, obscure as it was, produced an alteration in our plan. The chevalier resolved to defer his departure a few days, that he might receive news from Paris. He observed to us, that, in fact, we had nothing to fear. As he had not been seen in Paris, the world was ignorant of his having been there, and, of course, would never suspect him of any concern in the death of the duke de Med ***. Besides, the moment he arrived at Toulon, he was commander of a galley of the order of Malta, and not a subject of the king of France; that, they would not dare, therefore, to violate the laws of nations by arresting him.

him. For me, the passport I had from the king would be my protection: but if there were any danger, I should immediately go on board his vessel, which would be a sacred asylum, where no one would dare to make any attempts upon my liberty, as I should be considered as under the protection of a religious order.

This advice was readily assented to; and we awaited with impatience the arrival of a courier from Paris.

C H A P. XVIII.

DEVELOPEMENT OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

DEATH OF
THE CHEVALIER'S FATHER.

DURING the chevalier's absence from Toulon, a servant of his had died. Another was inquired for, to supply his place. One morning, when he was in my apartment, a man came to offer himself, and he was going out to speak with him. As we behaved to each other with all that familiarity which travelling

travelling permits, I desired that the man might be admitted, without his taking the trouble to go into another room. Having my permission, the chevalier gave orders for his entering. On his advancing into the room, the moment he saw me, he shrieked out, and fell senseless on the floor.—Good God! said I immediately, 'tis that wretch *la Jeunesse*, who attended me to Fontainebleau.—

He was taken out of the room, and carefully guarded, whilst means were employed for his recovery. The fright, into which the sight of me had thrown him, convinced me, that I was not deceived in my conjectures, but that he was certainly an accomplice in the vile plot of the prince de * * *. When he came to himself, I directed that he should be told to make himself easy, as I would not injure him, provided he
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were sincere, and made a full confession; adding, that I was already informed of all he had done, and was desirous of a confession from his own mouth, merely to know if he were capable of rendering himself unworthy of my pardon by a lie.

A little encouraged by this promise, he swore that he would speak the truth. When he was in a state to appear before me, I ordered him to be brought in. We were all four present. Pale, trembling, and in tears, he fell on his knees the moment he entered the room. His appearance displayed not the confusion of a villain who finds himself detected, but the remorse of an honest heart, led into the snare by some artful knave, and incited to the commission of a crime by some temptation which he had not strength to resist. I was touched with his situation. I repeated my promise
of

of pardon, and asked what could have induced him to betray a mistress who had put such confidence in him.—Alas! madam, answered he, the instrument which the great employ to rob the poor of their honour, gold; that gold which renders contemptible both the giver and the receiver, when it is the price of a crime.—

I am pleased to see, said I, that you feel the shame which your guilt ought to inspire: go on with the same openness, and depend on my promise.

You remember, madam, the last visit you received from the prince de * * *, after being acquainted with the misfortunes of your august father. I was present when you ordered me and my fellow-servants never to admit him again. The prince had ever distinguished me when he came to your
VOL. II. G house,

house, and I had always the greatest share of his favours. The day after that visit, a person came to inform me, that some one wanted to speak with me at a neighbouring coffee-house. I went thither without any mistrust. Judge of my surprise when I saw that it was the prince himself who waited for me. I at first treated him with the respect due to his rank; but he forbid me, saying, that he was incognito, and my behaviour would betray him. He ordered me to sit down at the same table with him. I obeyed. He then described to me, in so affecting a manner, his love for you, the severity with which you treated him, the purity of his intentions, and the great advantage to you of the offer he made you of his hand, that I could not refrain from tears, or avoid taxing you with injustice. When he saw that he had wrought so far upon my temper, he asked if I would

would refuse his services. I answered, that he might depend upon me in any thing which did not go to injure you.— Can you imagine, said he, that I would injure the person whom I love above all the world?—I confess my simplicity thought this an unanswerable argument, and I vowed the strictest fidelity to him. Pleased with this assurance, he gave me an hundred louis-d'ors, telling me, that it was but an earnest of his favours, and that I might consider my fortune as made, if I served him faithfully. All he asked was, to be informed of your actions from the little importance of which demand, I might be satisfied, that my serving him would be no breach of fidelity to you. After this conversation he left me.

Put yourself for a moment, madam, in the place of a poor fellow like me, who had never before possessed the tenth

part of such a sum; who saw a great fortune within his reach, and who was led into the snare under the pretext of making you more happy. My head was turned. I gave him an exact account of every step you took. You at length prepared for your departure, of which I informed him. I cannot now recollect, without trembling, the fit of madness and despair, with which he was seized at this news. A few days after, I learnt that you were going to Fontainebleau, and that I only should have the honour of accompanying you. After a moment's reflection, he said to me, —I will be at Fontainebleau before her: when she is going to set off, acquaint me with it: I shall be at such a place; and if you can delay her departure for two hours, it is all I wish: you shall have a thousand louis-d'ors for your trouble. I assured him of my zeal, adding, that I did not think it impracticable.

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When you were at Fontainbleau, I went to the place appointed, and informed him of your arrival. He thanked me, assured me that he would not stir out, and that I might come to him at any hour. To spur my diligence, he showed me the thousand pieces ready for me. Of his scheme, I declare, I was ignorant. At nine o'clock you ordered horses to return to Paris. I ran to the prince before I went to the post-house. He asked me, how I could contrive to delay your departure for two hours, which would be necessary. I answered, that nothing was more easy. Instead of ordering horses immediately, I would order them for eleven o'clock, and would tell you, that none being at home, you must wait their return. Satisfied with this expedient, he gave me the thousand louis-d'ors; and, in the excess of his joy, cried, with a terrible oath,—At last I

have her.—I then guessed his purpose. The large sum I had received did not prevent my heart from being torn with remorse. For the first time I found myself rich: for the first time I found myself miserable. By turns was I tempted to acquaint you with it, to run away, or to hasten your departure. Never have I passed such painful hours as those which followed that unlucky moment. Now I was cut to the heart by my attachment to you, and now terrified by the power of a prince, from whom I could not escape, who might easily take vengeance of such a poor fellow as I, for my infidelity to him. Eleven o'clock at last arrived, and your horses were brought. I had given the postillion some money to tell you, if you should question him, that there were no horses ready, as I had been enjoying myself at a public-house, and was afraid of being scolded. These fellows

fellows are always in the interests of servants, and readily promised all I asked. I could not avoid trembling when I saw you hesitate about setting off so late. I dreaded the prince's vengeance; and, dragged on by my fate, endeavoured to remove your fears. At length you departed. When I was passing the prince's carriage, he was on foot in the high road: he stopped me, and obliged me to wait the arrival of your chaise. I was ready to die with grief, when I heard your cries. At that moment the duke of Med * * * arrived. Profiting by the disturbance this occasioned, I made my escape, and took the road to Fontainebleau on foot. Your cries seemed to pursue me, and upbraid me with my crime. I ran till I came to the forest; and, as heaven is not slow to punish the guilty, I was met by robbers, who stript me of the reward of my treachery, and all the gifts of the

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prince,

prince, except the first hundred pieces, which I had placed in the hands of a friend at Paris.

I arrived at Fontainebleau almost naked. Relating my misfortune, an officer of the navy took pity on me, cloathed me, and the same day I set off with him for Toulon. On my arrival here, thinking myself too near the scene of my crime, I determined to banish myself from my country for ever. Learning that the commander of a Maltese galley wanted a servant, I thought it a favourable opportunity; but God, who watches the steps of the wicked as well as the good, prepared for me the greatest punishment I could receive, by bringing me, when I least expected it, into the presence of an august princess, whom I have so highly offended.—

These

These then, said I, are the terrible effects of the vices of the great; the corruption of the honest mind, and the involving the poor in their guilt. May this adventure, addressing myself to the man, be a lesson to you. You see that shame and remorse are all that is to be gotten by serving the passions of others. Honour is all that the poor man possesses in compensation for his want of wealth. When he sells himself to the rich man, he gives him a right to treat him with contempt. There are an hundred louis-d'ors to mitigate your loss: I pardon you: withdraw.—

The unhappy man, melting into tears, fell on his knees, and, with his forehead on the ground, said with sobs, —Great princess, keep your gifts; and let me die, since I must lose all hopes of dedicating the remainder of my life to your service.—

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I could not resist this affecting prayer, which showed that he was worthy of that favour, since he durst ask it. I considered him for a moment in that state of humiliation.—O God! said I, it is vice that teaches man to bend the knee before his fellow creature. Ye great, who sport with the virtue of the weak, would you were here to see the abject state to which the man whom you corrupt is reduced. Rise: this trial must have amended your heart: I pardon you: stay with me.

This scene greatly affected us. We admired the ways of Providence, thus sporting with the wishes and projects of mankind, and delighting to confound those who employ guilty means to accomplish their designs. Of this we had soon a striking instance. Alas! it was the last gleam of happiness that seemed to break out on my life, the transient

transient light of which served only to plunge me deeper into the thick gloom of misfortune.

I have already said, that we impatiently expected news from Paris. They at length arrived. They were from a Maltese, a friend of the chevalier, who had long corresponded with him. The chevalier brought them to me eagerly.—What a misfortune! said he entering, and, at the same time, what a pleasing hope. I may now flatter myself with one day having my destiny united to that of my dear princess.—What say you, chevalier?—He gave me the letter. It informed him, that the prince de * * *, his father, was seized with an apoplexy, and died in three days: that this mournful event was attributed to the grief he felt for the loss of a wife, whom he tenderly loved: that, however, there was a my-

ffery hung about it which could not be penetrated: that the duke of Med * * * had been found run through the body, on the road to Fontainbleau: that it was learnt from the servants, that the duke and the prince had actually had a rencounter in that place, and that a woman was the cause of their dispute: that it was not the prince, however, who killed the duke, but his son, who was in company with him: that the marquis de B * * *, a near relation of the duke, had, in consequence of this report, met the eldest son of the prince, whom he fought, and killed.

His friend added, that this fatal catastrophe made him heir to the title and fortune of his father: that he would advise him to procure a dispensation from his vows; and that, in the mean time, he had taken care to execute, in his

his name, all the formalities necessary on such an occasion.

It was evident, from this letter, that no one knew any thing of the chevalier's having been at Paris; and that my name was equally untalked of amidst the various conjectures formed on these melancholy events. Our abode in France, therefore, was no longer dangerous. A letter from the Maltese ambassador to the chevalier confirmed all these accounts; so their authenticity could not be doubted.

This produced a great revolution in the face of affairs. The chevalier de * * * found himself at once master of his own conduct, and an immense fortune. He could easily procure a dispensation from his vows: he was convinced of my love, and could not doubt my accepting his hand. No-
thing

thing less than such powerful reasons could have consoled him for the loss of his father, and softened the remorse he felt at being, in some measure, the cause of his brother's death: for it was obvious that the Marquis de B * * * 's ignorance of the chevalier's having been at Paris, had directed his vengeance to the elder brother, as the only one who could have seconded his father in his rencounter with the duke of Med * * *.

The news of the deaths of the prince de * * * and his son, were soon spread over Toulon. All the city came to pay their respects to the chevalier on the occasion; and service was performed in great pomp in honour of the deceased, at which the whole town assisted. The bishop of Toulon delivered the funeral sermon. I was present incognito, having avoided making myself known in that city, to escape those ceremonies to
which

which I must otherwise have submitted. The orator praised the virtues of the prince de * * *, of which it must be owned he had many. But when, painting his love for justice, he celebrated the protection he had always granted to the weak, and particularly to that sex whose only support is their virtue, is it thus, said I to myself, that the temple of truth is profaned? and do its ministers thus impose on the people, by ascribing to the great, who are no more, qualities which they never possessed? Can it be supposed that they will amend their lives, when their very vices, after they are dead, are changed to virtues, to blazen their memory? During the funeral oration of a great man, all those whom he has oppressed should be permitted to arise, and interrupt the orator, by a narration of the injuries they have received from the man whose praises he trumpets forth.

This

This public accusation, shadow of that terrible day of judgement, in which we shall appear before the throne of God, would be a far more powerful incentive to virtue, than all the panegyrics so liberally bestowed on the dead. But no: flattery is so abject, that it would pay homage even where it had nothing more to fear.

The chevalier was extremely desirous of returning to Paris, of giving his lieutenant the command of the vessel to conduct her to Malta, and immediately endeavouring to procure a dispensation from his vows, that he might offer me his fortune and his hand. He pressed me strongly to return: Salmoni advised me to it; and Icoglan fell at my knees twenty times a day, to conjure me not to refuse his friend this satisfaction. My own heart was, I confess, their accomplice, and pleaded against myself.—

What

What, said I, shall love triumph over the duties of nature? My father is labouring under misfortunes, and shall I abandon him to go in pursuit of fortune? No, chevalier, my resolution is fixed. Whatever it may cost me, I will go to Amasia, see my father, embrace him in my arms, and return to be yours. Yes, I here vow to you, that I will return; and let my love guarantee my promise. This heart have I preserved to you, even when it had not a single ray of hope to support its constancy. I will bring it back wholly yours: I will bring you a spouse worthy you; a wife who, I trust, will not have a single action throughout her life to reproach herself with. Agree with me; that, if the astonishing revolution, which has taken place in our destiny, were capable of making me forget the most sacred ties of nature, I should no longer deserve your love.—

The

The chevalier could not but applaud my resolution, and at last acceded to it, though with grief. It was determined that he should conduct me to Naples, as had at first been intended: that he should remain there during my absence, and endeavour to accomplish his purpose, whilst he awaited my return. As delays increased his impatience, he resolved that we should embark the next day; and, the wind being favourable, he would put to sea immediately.

We had made a much longer stay at Toulon than we had proposed. The chevalier wrote to the grand-master by a small vessel, that was going directly to Malta, the reasons which had detained him. He offered to indemnify the order for the expences which this delay might have occasioned it, by the long stay of the crew in a foreign port; and

and finished by requesting his dismissal, and the grand-master's interest in obtaining a dispensation from his vows. He wrote, at the same time, to his friend at Paris, to acquaint him with his intentions, the abode he was about to take at Naples, and the time when he might hope to present himself at the French court. To this he added a letter for the Maltese ambassador, that he might solicit the mediation of the king with the pope, to release him from the ties of his order.

CHAP. XIX.

A VOYAGE, AND SEA FIGHT.

WHEN the chevalier had taken all the steps necessary previous to our departure, we went on board the galley. His care to render my passage as agreeable as possible had been extreme. The cabin designed for me was furnished with incredible taste and elegance. He presented me to his officers;

ficers; and announcing me under my title of a Turkish princess, who was soon to be united to him by the most sacred ties, they paid me every possible respect and attention. The chevalier was adored by his comrades: and to this, more than to myself, did I owe their eagerness to show their attachment to me. The chevalier took care that I should be served with truly regal magnificence. At my first repast on board the vessel, he and all his officers were present to assist at my dinner; and he took upon himself to be my servitor. I strongly opposed this excess of honour, and requested him not to deprive me of the pleasure of eating with him and his friends, during the time we had to spend together. He yielded to my request, and thenceforward no distinction was made.

Our passage was very agreeable; for though it was the depth of winter, the mildness of the climate prevented the cold from being disagreeable, and the wind from being troublesome. For a few days, however, we made but little way, and what wind there was, was contrary; so we had no resource but our oars, or working to windward.

We had been ten days from Toulon, when, early in the morning, a vessel hove in sight. The chevalier and his officers examined her attentively with their glasses, and agreed that she was a Tunisian, of force inferior to us. On this, orders were given immediately to chase. The chevalier came to me, to represent the little danger such an engagement could have, that I might not be alarmed.—Besides, said he, fighting under your eye, I must conquer.—

The

The air of confidence and gaiety, which accompanied this discourse, made me quite at ease; and being naturally courageous, I was willing to lose nothing of a fight so new to me. I went upon deck, therefore, nor could I avoid admiring the noble satisfaction that appeared in the countenances of every one of the chevaliers, at the approach of a moment that would probably be fatal to some of them.

One action of a chevalier I shall never forget. We were all on deck, extremely gay. This young man came up to the chevalier smiling.—General, said he, this rascal of a Tunisian may, perhaps, have a shot or two in one of his lockers intended as a present for me, that I may be forced to accept in spite of my teeth. Before I receive this favour, I wish to inform you, that yesterday I had some words with the
chevalier

chevalier C * * *. But for this Tunisian, we should have fought as soon as we got ashore. I do not wish to die in hatred with my comrades: I believe I was in the wrong: beg of him to receive my excuses; and for this favour I promise you a few Tunisian ears extraordinary.—The chevalier C * * *, who was present, fell on the young man's neck, with an effusion of joy and friendship difficult to describe. Every one in turn took him in his arms, and thus carried him as it were in triumph. The chevalier took him by the hand, and presenting him to me with enthusiasm,—will you refuse, said he, to reward so noble a proceeding?—I was affected even to tears, and, sharing in their transports, I embraced him heartily; then taking from my neck a rich diamond cross of Malta, which I wore out of regard to the chevalier, I put it on him with my own hands, with a satisfaction

satisfaction which none can feel but those whose hearts beat responsive at the sight of a noble action.

We were now coming up with the corsair very fast, as she was a dull sailer. The chevalier had placed four guns on the forecastle, which were brought to bear upon her; and, as soon as we were within half gunshot, he began firing. The enemy then lay athwart our hawse, and let fly a broadside, which did us but little mischief, as almost all her shot went on one side or the other of us. The galley still standing on, in spite of the enemies small arms, which played pretty smartly for about a quarter of an hour, she grappled the corsair. The chevaliers instantly boarded her, with a courage new to the eyes of a woman, and, in less than ten minutes, were masters of the vessel. The Maltese flag was hoisted over the Tunisian;

and the chevalier, taking on board his own galley the crew of his prize, sent some of the chevaliers, with a few sailors, on board the latter; ordering them to make sail for Genoa, from which port we were not far distant, to sell the prize there, and proceed by land to join the galley at Naples, where we hoped to be in a few days.

In the evening we celebrated this little victory. Only two of the chevaliers were wounded, and five soldiers, and these but slightly. The enemy had six killed, and some wounded. They were but five and twenty at first; of course we made nineteen prisoners. The chevalier, who was extremely humane, directed the wounded to be taken great care of; and though they were all slaves by the laws of war, he treated them with generosity, and endeavoured

deavoured to make their chains sit as easy as possible.

Though the chevalier many times, during the engagement, pressed me strongly to retire to a place of safety, I was desirous of seeing every thing, and would not quit the deck. Salmoni and Icoglan behaved nobly in this action. Icoglan, who had a great regard for the chevalier, did not quit him a moment; and, from the instant of their boarding the vessel, he was always before him; and I many times observed the chevalier take him by the arm smiling, to have room to make a stroke at an enemy, from whom Icoglan was endeavouring to guard him.

In the evening my young knight made his appearance with seven or eight sabres which he had taken from the enemy.—Princess, said he, I have done

but little to deserve the cross you have bestowed on me; yet suffer me to lay at your feet this slender trophy, for which I am indebted to the honour of fighting under your auspices.—We all laughed at this act of chivalry. I embraced him a second time, and promised to take great care of the trophy which he had presented to me.

We spent the evening with unusual gaiety. It seemed as if the danger we had shared in common, had banished all constraint and ceremony. I was taxed with imprudence, for uselessly exposing myself; but, at the same time, my resolution was praised, which had never once failed me. How, indeed, was it possible for me to withdraw? All that was dear to me was there; and I could not bear for a moment to lose sight of my friends in danger.

Whilst

Whilst mirth reigned amongst us, I perceived Salmoni to be rather serious. I openly rallied him on it.—Princess, said he, I assure you, I partake the general joy. If I have appeared thoughtful for a moment, it was not from sorrow or chagrin. This was the reason: the person of one of these slaves struck me. I have a confused idea of it, and was endeavouring to recollect where I had seen him; but in vain; this gave me, for a moment, that thoughtful air which your goodness observed. You see it did not merit the obliging attention with which you honoured it.

Nothing can be more easy, my dear Salmoni, said the chevalier, than to satisfy your curiosity to-morrow. The slave is at your command, dispose of him as you please; you shall interrogate him at your leisure. Salmoni thanked him, resumed his gaiety, and it was thought of no more.

The chevalier then taking Icoqlan by the hand, said,—You would not believe, my friends, that this was the man with whom I was most displeased during the action. It is necessary that I punish him for having always insolently placed himself before me, taking the lead of his commanding officer.—This renewed our laughing; and the chevalier, taking from his pocket a *chevalier servant's* cross, put it on him, saying,—I will answer for the order's ratifying this present, to which I add a pension of two thousand crowns. And to punish you for this want of respect to the general of a galley, I banish you from Malta, to attend on that lady, till it shall be her pleasure to dismiss you. All the chevaliers promised that he would be confirmed in his post by the whole order, and rallied him on his punishment of being exiled till I should please to revoke the sentence.

The

The night was pretty far advanced before we arose from table. Having need of repose, we separated, with mutual promises to keep up that agreeable freedom which had reigned this evening.

C H A P. XX.

ADVENTURES OF A SLAVE,

THE instant Salmoni arose the next morning, he profited by the permission the chevalier had given him, to order the slave, whom he could not banish from his mind, to be brought before him. He examined him attentively a long time, without speaking a word, and was confirmed in his opinion that

that he knew him; but still he could not recollect where he had seen him. The slave, on his part, seemed to view Salmoni with an uneasy curiosity, as if endeavouring to recall to mind features not unknown to him. Salmoni, at last breaking silence, said to him in Italian, —Friend, I know thee; but tell me in what situation I have seen thee, and if I can be of service.—The slave did not permit him to finish: an universal tremor seized him; the voice of Salmoni having brought him to his recollection. —O Mahomet, cried he, I am a dead man!—and falling at Salmoni's feet,—Ah! sir, spare a life that has once already been nearly taken by your hand, and do not punish a wretch led astray by the temptation of wealth.—This discourse, which was unintelligible to Salmoni, served only to heighten his curiosity.—Whatever ill thou hast done me, said he, I pardon thee; and pro-

mise thee, not only to spare thy life, but to do every thing in my power to procure thy liberty. But satisfy my curiosity: how have I been near taking away thy life? What crime didst thou commit against me? Speak, and fear nothing.—

The chevalier and I had now joined them, and were not a little attentive to the conversation. The slave answered, —I am unworthy of such goodness, and heaven has undoubtedly brought me hither to expiate the crimes of which I have been guilty towards you. Do you remember, sir, the galley slave, whose liberty you procured at Marseilles, to conduct you to Iman, the merchant of Fez, who had carried off your mistress?—Good heaven! cried Salmoni, it is he: I now know him.—Do you recollect, continued the slave, the man whom you stabbed under the wall of the
the

the seraglio?---The circumstance I have not forgotton, said Salmoni; but I never knew the man.—It was I. See before you the criminal who was seeking your destruction, the destruction of all that was most dear to you. Providence is just; it made me then survive your stroke; but its patience is exhausted, and it has prolonged my life only to offer you a more complete revenge in my slavery.---

We were dumb with astonishment at this unexpected confession.---Thou art the man that I stabbed, said Salmoni, and thou art yet alive! How inscrutable are the decrees of heaven! but be comforted: I have sworn to pardon thee, nor do I repent my oath. The princess, whom thou seest, whose interests thy audacity then betrayed, will guaranty my promise.---

Is that the daughter of Achmet? Is that the infant whom Fatima had in her arms? I am then more criminal than I thought myself. To make you fully acquainted with my conduct, continued the slave, I must go back to that period when I disappeared from on board the tartan, which you hired for your passage from Marseilles to Fez. That was owing to chance alone; nor was I then to blame. You may remember, that the heat was then excessive. That night the weather was calm: I was desirous of bathing, but feared the sailors would prevent me, if I mentioned it to them. With this design I stole to the poop: the helmsman was fast asleep. I stripped off my shirt and drawers, and, taking hold of a rope, let myself down gently into the sea. Having entangled my cloaths, they fell into the water after me. This circumstance removed every trace of the manner in which I quitted the vessel. I would

would not return on board to replace them, but let them float by my side till I had done bathing. You well know, that, in my country, men are so much accustomed to the water, and, from their infancy, habituated to swim whole days, that it is almost as much our element as the land.

After having well bathed, I remained a few moments on my back without stirring. The coolness of the sea had allayed the velocity of my blood, too much agitated by the heat of the day. Would you believe it? Sleep surprized me in this position; and when I awoke, the wind having freshened, the tartan was out of sight. Judge of my fright when nothing but the sea and sky presented itself to my view. Terror rendered me almost immoveable. My strength began to fail me: I was afraid the least motion would exhaust it entirely;

ly; and, for six hours, I floated on my tomb, into which hunger and fatigue must soon sink me. About noon I perceived a vessel, and, from the course she was steering, I judged that she would pass nigh me. Joy was now as near being fatal to me, as terror had been before. It gave me an universal tremor, which brought me within a hair's breadth of going down. Fortunately I calmed my agitation, and perceived clearly that the vessel approached me fast. Collecting all the strength I had left, I swam to meet her. I soon after saw her hoist out her boat, and guessed that the crew had observed me. Not willing to give myself unnecessary fatigue, I awaited patiently the boat's coming up to me. This it soon did, and I got into it. To describe my feelings at that moment would be impossible. They were too much for me: I fainted.

When:

When I recovered my senses, I found myself in the cabin. My deliverers were round me; and, having given me every assistance in their power, questioned me on my situation. I related all that had happened to me. They could not conceive how a man could have remained in the water, from midnight till after five o'clock in the evening, without perishing. The situation, however, in which they found me, and the exhausted state I was in, persuaded them of the veracity of my report. I found that I was in a vessel of Marseilles, bound to the Levant. I neither concealed my religion, nor my country, from my preservers: and those Frenchmen, with the greatest humanity, after having saved my life, furnished me with cloaths, gave me every necessary of life, and landed me at Constantinople.

Having

Having no other resource, I betook myself to the occupation of a porter, to gain a livelihood. One day I recollected, in a man who employed me, the very merchant in search of whom you went to Fez. Seeing him brought you to my remembrance. I made myself known to this man, whose servant I had formerly been; and, thinking the news might be pleasing to his mind, so thirsty after gain, I informed him that you were in search of him; and that the woman, whom I, when under his command, had assisted him in carrying off from Genoa, was the object of your pursuit.

All his inquiries, said he, will be fruitless. That woman, now called Fatima, is in the seraglio of the grand seignor, to whom her former master sold her; and, however amorous he
may

may be, I doubt not but he will find it impossible to get her thence.

When I had performed the business on which Iman had employed me, he payed me, and I saw him no more. Sometime after this the boftangi-bachi, who was getting some work done in the gardens of the seraglio, was extremely dissatisfied with the eunuchs, who were much too slow in performing their task. He thought he might employ some common workmen to finish the business, without being discovered; notwithstanding the severe prohibitions against introducing any such persons within the walls of the seraglio. He chose out some of the strongest, and I was one of the number.

This was the first step that led to the ruin of myself, of you, of your mistress,

truss, and of the unfortunate bostangi, who was strangled. The new workmen were soon noticed by the slaves in the service of the seraglio. Some of these women, yet young, wearied of the constraint in which they lived, very readily formed connexions with us, and I was not the last to have a mistress. I soon learnt that she was a slave of Fatima's, who had just been appointed governess to the young princess, the daughter of the sultana Aski. From the information I obtained from my mistress, I suspected this Fatima to be her whom you sought: but this discovery, at that time, interested me little.

Some time after this, as I was walking through the streets of Constantinople, on a holiday, I was greatly surprized at seeing you. The Turkish habit, which you had assumed, did not prevent

prevent my recollecting you. I followed you; noticed the caravansary at which you had taken up your residence; and readily guessed the motive of your disguise, and the object that drew you thither.

To my shame I confess, I then conceived the horrible project of sacrificing you to better my fortune. I seek not to excuse myself; but if you will reflect that I saw in you only a Christian, and, of course, a man whom to destroy would be acting in conformity to the tenets of my religion, and that I was, moreover, a wretch without resource, condemned to labour all his life for a scanty subsistence, you must allow that it would have been difficult for me to resist the temptation of a fortune, which would set me above want, without doing any thing that my religion would consider as a crime.

Not

Not willing, however, to undertake any thing without reflection, I employed myself many days in following you, that I might be certain you were the man I suspected. The notice you seemed to take of me several times, rendered me more cautious, and convinced me that I was not mistaken. I saw you speak to the young Icgolan : I then no longer doubted your design.

Immediately I opened my mind to my mistress. I painted to her the advantages we should derive from betraying you and Fatima. I told her, that the only recompence I should ask of the sultan should be her liberty, which he would no doubt grant me. This assurance determined her. I requested her to watch Fatima carefully, to endeavour to learn the place and time of your carrying her off, that she might inform me of it; as it would be
necessary

necessary to wait till then, to give the sultan an unequivocal proof of the elopement of that favourite slave, which I intended to discover to him. She promised faithfully to attend to my instructions, and unhappily kept her word but too well.

Fatima's absence for two months with the sultana Aski, gave me no less impatience than it did yourself. I noticed you at different times. By the melancholy of your countenance, I saw what your mind suffered; and thence concluded, that Fatima had consented to follow you; and that your having been so long without hearing from her, was the cause of your disquiet.

At length she returned. The next day my mistress came to the place where I was at work, to tell me, that Fatima was just gone out, covered with a veil,

to

to conceal her from every eye. I flew from the gardens to the place where you lodged; hid myself in a corner; saw her give you the billet, and the transport with which you read it. From that moment, till the next evening, I did not lose sight of you. I spent the night under your window, lest you should take some step without my knowledge. In the evening I saw you give your answer to the same woman in a veil. This was all I wanted. I returned to the seraglio, and told the slave, who was under the greatest anxiety at not having seen me for four and twenty hours, all that I had observed. I charged her to make every possible attempt to come at the letter which you had given Fatima. I made her sensible how much the success of our scheme, and our future fortune, depended on the knowledge of its contents: she vowed to leave no stone unturned to procure it.

In

In fact, at eight o'clock the next morning, I saw her eagerly running towards me. Here it is, said she. Fatima was just now reading it, and the sultan coming in unexpectedly, she threw it hastily into a porphyry vase. She is gone to Aski with the grand seignor. I have taken it out; read it quickly, that I may carry it back to the place where I found it. I read it. Seeing the hour of rendezvous, I determined at all events to efface the word *midnight*, and substitute *eleven o'clock*; persuading myself, that Fatima would attribute to her agitation the not observing the erasure, before I returned the billet to the slave, who replaced it in the vase.

I was now acquainted with the hour intended for her flight; but this was far from sufficient. I neither knew the place at which she was to make her escape, nor the means you had concerted to effect

effect it. I imagined that I might make further discoveries by watching you. I returned therefore in search of you. I at last found you in the suburb of Pera, where you were holding a long conversation with a French captain, to whom you gave some money. You left the captain, and I resolved to be a spy upon him. I offered my services to him as a porter. He accepted them; and employed me to carry on board his vessel a large chest. On the way he went into a cartwright's shop, and ordered a ladder of twenty feet, and a crook with a handle. I easily guessed the intention of these implements. I had now to learn in what manner they were to be employed; particularly the crook, the use of which I could not guess. Having carried the chest on board, I took sufficient notice of the vessel, to be able to know her again in the midst of an hundred others.

When

When I had left the French captain, I went to another shop, and ordered a ladder and a crook of the same dimensions, and returned to the seraglio, extremely anxious how to discover the place at which Fatima intended to make her escape. My evil genius served me but too well on this occasion.

Fatima, and her women, came several days following to amuse themselves with a swing, which was near the wall of the gardens of the old seraglio. Except the slaves who knew the workmen, none of the women had any suspicion of us, whom they took for the ordinary inhabitants of the place. The third evening Fatima coming, according to custom, to amuse herself with the swing, ordered one of us to call the *bostangi-bachi*. I executed this order. The *bostangi* hastened to her. Fatima's power in the seraglio was well
VOL. II. I known,

known, and every one trembled before her.

Bostangi, said she, this swing is too low; I will have it raised to a level with the top of the wall, that I may enjoy, without any danger, the pleasing view of Constantinople and the sea.

The bostangi obeyed; and immediately some workmen climbed up to the highest branches of the two trees, from which the swing was suspended. To these they fastened the cords by which it hung; so that the seat was on an horizontal line with the top of the wall. A ladder was brought to ascend it, and Fatima tried it immediately.

This gave me the information I wanted. I saw that, by the motion of the swing, she could pass the wall at pleasure. I no longer doubted her design,

sign, and easily conceived the purpose for which the crook was to be employed.

Fully satisfied on every point, I waited impatiently for the day on which the scheme was to be carried into execution. My plan was to conduct Fatima to the palace-yard; to present myself to the sultan; discover to him the plot; point out both you and the French vessel; and, having so many convincing proofs, demand a reward proportioned to the greatness of the service. Had I foreseen that the princess was to have been the companion of her flight, with what a fortune would my hopes have been flattered!

We could none of us avoid trembling at the avowal of so black a design.—How couldst thou be capable, said Salmoni, of forming such a
I 2 scheme?

scheme? Wretch! didst thou not know, that God is the same in every country, and that his vengeance ever pursues a traitor?---

Ah! sir, answered the slave, you know not how slavery and avarice degrade the soul. To him, whom they lead astray, every crime they inspire appears compatible with justice. He perceives not their guilt till his schemes have failed.

The moment at length arrived. Your arm laid me expiring on the ground; and since that fatal moment I never knew what became of you, of Fatima, or of the infant she had with her. I even yet am ignorant who conveyed me from the place where I lay. All I know is, that, at the end of eight days, my senses returned; but my memory was confused; and all that had happened

happened to me seemed as it were a dream. I saw myself surrounded with janissaries, who kept a strict watch over me. I asked a few questions, but could obtain no answer. I afterwards learnt that the sultan had forbidden the least interrogation to be put to me, under pain of death. The surgeon told me, that it was necessary for me to keep silence, on account of my wounds; that I was out of danger; but the least imprudence would again put my life at stake.

I obeyed, and awaited the issue, but not without anxiety. Five or six days after, when my strength appeared a little recovered, I was carried out of my chamber on a mattrafs. I crossed a number of apartments, which were entirely unknown to me. There was no person in any of them, and I saw only

the janissaries who carried me, and the surgeon who accompanied me.

We at last arrived in one that appeared more splendid than the others. I was placed on a couch; the janissaries withdrew, and the surgeon remained by my side.

Soon after a man richly dressed entered: I knew him to be the sultan. The surgeon prostrated himself before him.—Rise, said Achmet: do you think he has strength enough to speak?—The surgeon assured him that I could support a conversation of two hours; and, feeling my pulse, added, that the agitation I then showed was occasioned by the unexpected sight of his highness.

The sultan made a sign to the surgeon to withdraw. When that great prince

prince was alone with me, he endeavoured, with that tone of affability which goes to the heart, to remove the terror his presence had given me.--- Speak, said he, and rely upon my clemency: but remember, I exact sincerity: I am informed of every thing, and dissimulation will be useless.—

He stood patiently listening to me for an hour and a half. I related to him every thing that you have just heard. He, from time to time, made me stop, whilst he wrote, with a pencil, on the leaves of a pocket book, which he held in his hand.

When I had done he clapped his hands, and four slaves entered. Then, with a stern voice, which made me tremble,--Go instantly, said he, let the bostangi-bachi be strangled, and let his head be exposed on a spike at the gate of the great
I 4 mosque,

mosque, with these words, *Infringer of the laws of the seraglio*.--The slaves went out.

This order curdled my blood.—Heavens, cried I, this is the first victim of my crimes.—My eyes were filled with tears. The sultan seemed not to notice the words that escaped me, or the tears I shed.—Thou hast no knowledge, said he, of the child which Fatima had with her.—No, answered I: I swear I have not.—He sighed deeply, and walked about in silence for some time.—This then, said he, is all thou knowest?—Yes, replied I.—If it be so, thou shalt not die. But remember, if thou reveal any thing thou hast told me, thy life shall answer for it. Above all, I charge thee not to discover to any one that Salmoni is a Christian, that Fatima had an infant with her when she escaped, or that the Icoglan had any concern in
this

this affair. The slave of the seraglio, who was thy confidant, is already dead: the least indiscretion, therefore, must be ascribed to thee. Avarice was thy guide: thou wouldst have committed a crime; thou hast been punished for it. Hadst thou succeeded, punishment had awaited thee: it is the only reward I give a traitor. Be gone: get thyself cured, and leave my dominions.---

The sultan left me; the janissaries re-entered, and I was carried away. The last words of the prince overwhelmed me with confusion. I was like a man sinking under an enormous burden. All the horror of my conduct flashed full upon my imagination. I could scarce conceive how heaven had suffered a wretch to live, who had caused the unhappiness, perhaps the death, of the man, who had once generously freed him from the chains of slavery. I

recovered slowly from my wound; and left the country agreeably to the order of the sultan. Since that moment, misery, the remembrance of my crimes, and the shades of those I had wronged, haunted my steps. I have grown old in indigence and misfortune, and have lived till now, to show you your persecutor, pursued by the justice of heaven, and expiring at your feet, with a heart torn by remorse, and dread of the wrath of an avenging God.

The wretch did not deceive us. Scarcely had he done speaking, when he was seized with a fit, and fell down at our feet. He was carried off, and expired a few hours after.

The sudden death of this man, the painful remembrances which his narrative had brought to the mind of Salmoni, and our sorrow for the loss
of

of Emilia, which it awakened, threw a cloud over the joy of the preceding evening. We adored that Providence who permits no crime to remain concealed, and who delays the stroke of vengeance but to render it more signal.

CHAP. XIX.

MARIA CECILIA'S ARRIVAL

IN TURKEY.

INTERVIEW WITH HER FATHER.

SALMONI KILLED.

WE soon after arrived at Naples. Not finding a ready conveyance to Turkey, the chevalier, who pressed my departure, in hopes of my speedy return, persuaded me to go to Venice, where I could not fail of meeting an opportunity of embarking immediately. I followed his advice; and

and we went to that city, where I found a vessel that was to sail for the Morea the next day. It was the time of the carnival. Every face I saw was wax and paper; not one, even of the lowest class, was without a mask. I had already seen a specimen of this mania in France, which appeared to me equally extravagant and indecent. I had observed, on such an occasion, depravation and licentiousness meet applause; the chastest ears compelled to hear the most indelicate language; and actions, the most reprehensible, appearing publicly in the face of day. I never could conceive the policy of indulging a nation in an expensive pleasure, which every year carries them a stage farther on the road of depravity. Were a philosopher to take the trouble, for a series of years, to observe these modern saturnalia, at which the face is masked, and the heart laid bare, he might

might easily calculate the progress of vice, and corruption of manners.

I went on board ;and, notwithstanding the probability of our soon meeting never to separate more, our parting was extremely painful. When I tore myself from the arms of the chevalier, my heart felt a sorrow, which neither the satisfaction of seeing my father, nor the expectation of soon returning to my lover, could dissipate. Salmoni accompanied me. The chevalier wished to keep Icoglan. I consented to it; for I knew he had need of some one with whom he might converse freely about me, and into whose bosom he might pour those tears which my absence would compel him to shed.

At last we parted. Even now, whilst I write it, grief almost stops the current of life: we parted—never to meet again.—

again.—Since that fatal moment, forty years have passed heavily over my head, yet my wound bleeds still.

Neither Salmoni nor I changed our dress on our arrival in Turkey. I asked the bashaw of Smyrna for a passport, that I might go with safety to Amasia. I showed him, that I came from the king of France. Out of respect to his name, he immediately granted my request, and gave me four janissaries, to conduct me, and protect me from insult.

After a tiresome journey, I at last arrived at Amasia. I had no one with me but Salmoni, the coachman who had joined me at Toulon, and the servant whom the prince de * * * had corrupted, whose zeal had been indefatigable since the pardon I had generously granted him.

My

My first care was to find out the palace which Achmet inhabited. The eagerness of my inquiries, and the different questions I asked, with a view to discover the most certain and ready methods of getting an interview with him, made me suspected. It may be supposed, that, in my father's situation, he was surrounded with spies; that every person, who desired to be admitted to him, was strictly examined; and the most innocent circumstances rigidly scrutinized.

I did not, at first, perceive the impression my curiosity made on people; but I learnt it from the danger I ran soon after. A Turk, who, no doubt, was a spy, represented the gaining an admission to the place of his retreat as extremely difficult, and only to be obtained by employing a person of intelligence to corrupt, by a considerable present,

sent, the aga, who was appointed to guard him. With an air of frankness, to which I was an easy dupe, he offered his services to conduct this intrigue. On his asking me under what name he should mention me to the aga, I told him, a French woman, whom the desire of seeing so great a prince had brought from her own country. The name of a French woman heightened his suspicions. It was well known how greatly Achmet had been esteemed in Europe; and he concluded, that there was certainly some conspiracy on foot to restore that prince to his throne, of which I was sent to inform him. This man, to whom I had given the money which I intended for the aga, to make him favour my wishes, instead of executing his commission, went to the cadî of Amasia, to give information of what his fancy represented to him as an indubitable fact.

I little

I little suspected the storm that was arising, but quietly awaited the success of his negotiation. I had been informed that the gardens of the palace, in which my father dwelt, were bounded by a small river, that runs near Amasia; that he frequently walked in those gardens; and that any person might have a sight of him without the least fear. I could not resist the desire which this discovery gave me. I proposed to Salmoni to take a boat, and make an excursion on the river, saying,—That, perhaps, we might have the pleasure of seeing him in the gardens; and that he, who knew him so well, might easily point him out to me.—

Salmoni, after raising some objections, which I overruled, consented to my proposal. We went out, but not without being closely watched; took a boat, and rowed by the garden, which we narrowly

rowly examined. We had scarcely been on the water a quarter of an hour, when the bank opposite to the garden was covered with spahis and janissaries. They cried out to us in the Turkish language, which we both perfectly understood, to land on their side of the river. The watermen were preparing to obey. Salmoni, who foresaw our danger, drew a brace of pistols, and threatened to blow out their brains, if they did not return to the city, where we should have less to fear from the fury of the soldiers.

The janissaries, perceiving Salmoni's design, fired on us, with the muzzles of their pieces almost close to the boat. The unfortunate Salmoni was shot, and fell dead at my feet. I threw myself on his body, which I watered with my tears. The frightened watermen rowed ashore immediately; and the brutal assassins tore me from his bloody corpse.

Enraged

Enraged at this barbarity, and the indignity with which they treated me, desperation revived that strength which the horror of the scene had nearly taken from me. They dragged me ignominiously before the cadi. Hitherto the situation in which I saw myself, and the imminent danger to which I was exposed, had suffocated me, and, as it were, deprived me of the faculty of speech. I appeared before the cadi; and his first words informed me of his suspicions, occasioned by my being at Amasia. I was tottering on the brink of the grave; a single moment was betwixt me and eternity; when, inspired by Providence, I drew from my pocket, instinctively rather than from reflection, that fetter which attested my birth; and, unfolding it before my executioners,—Tremble, traitors, said I, and respect the blood of your sovereigns.—

This

This was a stroke of thunder. The audacious wretches, whose arms were uplifted to sacrifice me, fell with their faces to the ground, and trembling awaited my decrees. Viewing them in this situation, I could not avoid saying to myself,---see the empire of opinion over mankind! These are the effects of slavery; haughtiness to the weak, servility to the powerful! The murder of Salmoni had roused me to a pitch of madness. I confess, at that moment, I wished for strength to take off all their heads at one stroke. Injustice done to a haughty mind renders it barbarous.--- Monsters, cried I, who have had the insolence to assassinate a man of my suite, you shall not escape my vengeance. Rise, and conduct me to the sultan Achmet, who was your master, and who is my father.---

These

These wretches, struck with terror, arose, and marched before me. I followed them haughtily; and, unwilling to be exposed to the sight of the populace, ordered them to cause the same respect to be paid to me as to the sultanas of the seraglio. Instantly the streets were deserted, the windows closed, and no living being dared to appear in my way.

I passed through the city on foot; I arrived at the palace; and the guards, informed who I was by those who went before me, let me pass on till I came to Achmet. He was alone, reclined in an alcove, his head resting on one of his hands, and appeared plunged in a profound revery. The noise I made on entering aroused him. He looked on me with an air of majesty, and, at the same time, complacency, that penetrated my soul. I threw myself at his feet:

feet: I showed him the fetfa.---O, my father.---I could say no more; my strength forsook me: a mist came over my sight; I sunk senseless to the ground.

When I came to myself, I was surrounded by women.---Where is my father? Where is he? cried I.---He appeared: he pressed me to his bosom: he bedewed me with his tears. Happy moment! Not love itself could bestow such another. Never but then did I feel that felicity of which nature alone can impart an idea. This silent scene was too much for me. The physician, whom my father had called, represented to him, that our transports might endanger the lives of both. At this he left me.

The night following this interview I spent in the midst of the women, whom

Achmet

Achmet had ordered to attend me. They were most attentively careful of me, but I could not close my eyes. The affectionate careffes of my father, the frightful spectacle of Salmoni's death, the dear remembrance of the chevalier, whose anxiety I painted to myself, all whirling through my brain, drove away every possibility of rest. At length gratitude to the God whom I worshipped, who had snatched me from the sword suspended over my head, took its turn in my mind. My thoughts, directed to the feebleness of human power, grew calm. To him I raised them: him I thanked for having led me to the arms of a father, as a reward for my observance of his law. I admired that strict justice, which, in the death of Salmoni, had punished that passion which formerly carried him to stab the traitor who carried off Fatima; and that mercy which had given him

him time to prepare himself, by a long exercise of Christian virtues, to appear before the throne of judgement. From such an unexpected loss I learnt resignation, and patient submission to others, which might be infinitely more severe. I offered up the following prayer from the bottom of my heart.—O God of all Christians! called by thee to the knowledge of thy law, in the darkness of infancy, I left the palace of my father. I return to it after a term of five and twenty years. Grant that no other but thyself may receive my homage; and that I may preserve, pure and unspotted, the mind to which thou hast revealed thy truth.

Scarcely was it day when my father sent to ask if my health would permit me to receive his visit. With what eagerness did I desire that he would en-

ter. I was dressed. I rushed into his arms. An European education had freed me from that air of reserve which an Asiatic female never loses. My father noticed it: I observed him smile.— Pardon me, sir, said I; perhaps I am wanting in that respect to which you have been accustomed: but I have lived in a nation where the restraints of ceremony give way to the emotions of the heart.

His curiosity burnt to know my adventures: I gratified it fully. I did not omit a single circumstance; not even my love for the Chevalier de * * *. When I told him of Emilia, my attachment to her, her affection for me, and her death, to which I was a witness,—Ah! my daughter, cried he, from what a load have you relieved me! That unfortunate woman was ever before
my

my eyes. In the first transports of my rage I set a price upon her head: the cruel ministers of my vengeance served me but too well. I think I see now that livid face, besmeared with blood, which they one day brought me. God of Mahomet, how sure are thy decrees! Emilia was not slain; my messengers were deceived; I am innocent of the crime: on their heads only will it fall.---

This brought to my remembrance the history of the Englishwoman, or rather the Italian, who was assassinated at London, and whose tragical end Salmoni had related. We concluded that it was her head which had been brought to Achmet. This discovery eased my father's mind, as his religion taught him to consider himself innocent of a crime, whose victim was not the person

his intention aimed at. Thus does paganism reason.

I had not dared to speak to him of my mother. At last I mentioned her. The first words I uttered on the subject filled his eyes with tears.---Alas! said he weeping, the day which deprived me of my daughter, took from me also the object of my love: your unhappy mother could not survive your loss, and, within four and twenty hours, I was bereft of the only two persons who made life dear to me. Since that time I have not lived for myself, but for my people. Yet I have found that the possession of a throne is not more stable than the enjoyments of the heart: I have lost it: no doubt it was the will of heaven, and I submit to it without repining.

When

When he spoke to me of the loss of his throne, such an air of majesty appeared in all his features, that I could not avoid admiring the beauty of that great man, of which I had before taken little notice. His figure was elegant and well proportioned: his countenance was mild, though majestic: he had a lofty forehead, large blue eyes, with thick, black, well-arched eye brows; an aquiline nose; a large, but handsome mouth; good teeth; lips rather thick; a long bushy beard beginning to grow white; a long neck, which gave a gracefulness and dignity to the motions of his head; a muscular arm, fleshy hand, and handsome leg; though his walk was slow, which, perhaps, arose from custom, and displayed more strength than agility. He expressed himself well, though concisely; possessing more elevation of genius, than cunningness.

cunningness of mind: compassionate and slow to judge: capable of supporting the greatest fatigue; simple and innocent in his amusements. Such was Achmet. Such was the man who had given laws to the legislator of Russia; who had seen the conqueror of the north court the smiles of his ministers; who had determined the fate of Persia, and strengthened his own power by protecting her; and whom his subjects had expelled from his throne, in recompense for the benefits he had procured them.

I waved the discourse, and took no notice of the event which had deprived him of his sceptre. I only said, on his asking what had induced me to brave so many dangers to visit him,—Had you retained your dignities, perhaps you would never have seen me: but you have

have known misfortune: you had a daughter; it was her duty to seek you.—I perceived he was affected, and changed the conversation. I called his attention to the fate of Salmoni, which could not but interest him the more, as it was occasioned by that unfortunate man's attachment to me. Achmet gave a few tears to his memory, and ordered his funeral to be performed with all due solemnity. He remembered also the young icoglan, and condescended to ask if I knew him.

We spent some days in those pleasing effusions of sensibility, which are known and truly valued by the feeling heart alone. Hitherto my father had taken no notice of my religion. One day, however, he broke silence on that head.—I need not ask you, said he, what God you serve: educated in Italy,

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residing

residing in France, loving a knight of Malta, my daughter must be a Christian.—Yes, answered I firmly: yes, I avow it openly, the respect I owe my God is above my fear of a father.—

He looked at me stedfastly for a few minutes without speaking; and I thought I discovered in his looks a kind of veneration for my answer.—I see you have virtues, said he; that is a great deal: but are you happy?—Yes, answered I, because those virtues, which arise from my sentiments of morality, assure me eternal felicity.—Continue, said he, to believe in your God. A God who rewards virtue, and a religion that inspires it, are the God, and the religion of all good minds. Toleration is the offspring of a sincere love for our Creator; persecution, of fanaticism.—

This

This was all he ever said on the subject.

The report of my arrival, and my beauty, had by this time reached the Turkish court. Mahomet V. could not resist the desire of seeing me. He wrote to Achmet to induce him to send me to Constantinople; and to inform him of the love he had conceived for me from the report of my charms.

My father brought me the letter which the sultan had written. In it Mahomet announced to him the high honour which he destined me, and pressed him to make me answer his condescension as I ought.

Two reasons prevent my compliance, said I to my father; my religion, and the attachment which I have vowed to

K 5 another.

another. You have approved them; and Achmet cannot blame a heart capable of fidelity to its promise.---My father wrote an answer to Mahomet, acquainting him with my refusal. This excited his choler; and, soon after, the beglierbeg of Natolia, at that time his confidential friend, brought me an assurance of his love, and his threats in case of a refusal. Achmet was present when I received this strange embassy. I asked the deputy cooly, what charms of mine had made such ravages in the heart of so great a prince. The beglierbeg, thinking this question denoted a readiness to yield, entered into an eloquent harrangue on my various attractions, and finished by saying, that it was above all my beautiful hair, so highly spoken of, which his master indolized; that elegant hair, ornamenting a face, in which beauty and virtue shone
through

through all the dignity of the Ottoman blood.

Taking a pair of scissars, that were at hand, and cutting off my hair, which was extremely fine, close to my neck, ---Carry thy master, said I haughtily, the object of his love; and tell him, that a woman capable of such a sacrifice, knows no master but God and her own heart.---

Achmet, on this, embracing me, said,---Hitherto I have seen in you only a virtuous woman; you have now shown me the daughter of Achmet.---Then ordering pen, ink, and paper, he wrote to Mahomet as follows.

“ I have only one daughter. Were my child of a different sex, you might sacrifice her to the security of your throne:

throne: custom and reasons of state would give you an excuse. My daughter is of the Ottoman race; she is of thy own blood; thou canst not treat her as a slave. Leave her at liberty: she will soon quit thy dominions; and do not, by an act of violence, make those who have placed thee on the throne blush at their choice.

ACHMET."

I confess I trembled for the event of this scene. Achmet encouraged me. ---You know not, said he, the human heart. Fear is always the predominant passion of a weak man. He is either virtuous or vicious, at the will of those by whom he is swayed.---Achmet was not mistaken: the answer of Mahomet was an order to all the bashaws to furnish me with whatever I might need on my journey, and to pay me all the honours

nours due to my birth.---Of his love he made no farther mention.

My father, who read what passed in my heart, and who so much the more noticed the sacrifice which love made to nature, as I avoided mentioning it, pressed me to depart.---Go, my child; go my dear Cecilia, said he, where love expects you: go and reward the flame of him who was capable of discovering thy singular merit. I will not be so cruel as to abuse the time you have had the generosity to give to nature. Had I remained on the throne, hadst thou been brought up in the law of Mahomet, I should equally have lost thee by giving thee a spouse: I now have the satisfaction of knowing that thou wilt be happy. Go: the policy of the divan may perhaps this very moment require my head. Every day the sun rises on me; but I know

know not that I shall see it perform its course. Spare thine eyes a sight that would break thy tender heart, and would render death insupportable to thy father. Take my blessing: carry it to the husband of thy choice: may it extend to all thy posterity. It is the first time the blood of my race has mingled with that of Christians: may thy children exhibit to the world an union of the virtues of Asia and Europe.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXII.

MARIA CECILIA

PARTS WITH HER FATHER.

CONCLUSION.

THE last days I passed with my father were spent in tears. I had seen him; and who could see him without loving him? I was going to leave him; and I could not conceal from myself that it was for ever. Our parting was equally painful to us both. His heart was ready to burst: and the firmness

ness of that great man, who could lose a throne unmoved, forsook him in the bosom of nature. The cruel day at last arrived; it was terrible: they tore me from his arms, and I lost sight of him for ever.

How different was this journey from the former one! I was alone: I had no longer Salmoni, who was then so necessary to me. I had no resource but my two domestics. These poor fellows could not serve me without tears. I was dying, and my situation afflicted them. I endeavoured to amuse my imagination, with painting the transports of the chevalier on my return. It was in vain: even that picture gave me pain. Sad presension! fatal harbinger of the ills that were about to overwhelm me!

I refused

I refused all the honours that were offered me on my journey. I arrived at Smyrna, and finding there a vessel bound to Naples, embarked immediately. I had written to the chevalier, a few days before my departure from Amasia, to acquaint him with my design. I frequently represented to myself the impatience he would feel: I fancied him going every day to the harbour, examining attentively every vessel that arrived; and yet I could not remove an involuntary dejection which preyed on my mind, and which I could not account for.

At last I arrived. Still I had to undergo the quarantine, to which every vessel arriving from the Levant is obliged to submit. I thought I should at least hear from the chevalier, or from Icoglan, during that time: but I heard nothing.

nothing. This silence astonished me. I knew not what to think of it. Had my letter miscarried? Was not the chevalier at Naples? Was he ill? Had he remained at Venice? A thousand different ideas perplexed my mind.

At last, our quarantine being performed, we entered the harbour. On landing I met the Chevalier d'Ar * * *, a friend of the Chevalier de * * *, who was second in command on board the galley which had brought me from Toulon to Naples. He came alone to meet me. I was frozen at the sight.—O heavens! cried I, where is the chevalier?—Now, madam, said he, assume all your fortitude, all your religion. I must not deceive you: your lover is no more.—

I fell

I fell senseless at these words. I was carried off. The same day I was seized with a violent fever. I had a raging delirium; and in a few days was at the point of death. The attentions of the Chevalier d'Ar * * *, the care of the physician, and the strength of my constitution, snatched me from the grave; but I was upwards of three months in a state of stupefaction, in which I seemed deprived of all sensation. By degrees my senses returned, and with them the perception of all my misfortunes. I then learnt that the vengeance of the duke de Med * * * 's relations had pursued the Chevalier de * * * into Italy; though it was only the name he bore which excited it, as they knew not that he was the real author of the duke's death. I was also informed, that an uncle of the duke de Med * * * had met the chevalier at the Neapolitan court;

court; that a sharp altercation had taken place; that they met in consequence of it; that the chevalier was killed on the spot: and that the unfortunate Icglan, being desirous of avenging his friend's death, had fallen a victim to his friendship, dying three days after in consequence of a wound he received. To complete the list of my misfortunes, I learnt, that the ten thousand livres a-year, being all that had remained of my fortune, were gone with that of the banker in whose care the writings were deposited.

Grief certainly never kills, since I survived all my misfortunes, of which indigence was the least. I found myself alone in the world, and, as it were, in the flower of my age. God, whom all Christians worship, thou alone hast been my support. In the depths of adversity,

versity have I learnt truly to value the benefits bestowed on me by my dear Emilia.

The chevalier being killed on the spot, had of course left me nothing, though he knew the situation of my fortune. The death of Salmoni, slain by my side, left his wealth to distant relations. The government of Naples had taken possession of the little Icoflan had, as none of his kindred were to be found. My father had nothing to bestow: he had given me the last and only diamond that remained to him of all his former splendor. I had not one friend left upon earth; misery was my sole companion.

My pride came at length to my assistance. Shall I complain of my fate, said I, who have just left the arms of a father that has exhibited so great an example of fortitude?

fortitude? Shall I, who am a Christian, show greater weakness than a man who has no support but moral virtue? I am more happy: I ought therefore to be less dejected. Ought I not to know, that our trials must be greater in proportion to our rank? I am the daughter of an emperor, the daughter of an hero; feeble titles in the eye of God, who considers only virtue: I am nearer him in the lap of indigence, than I should have been on the pinnacle of greatness.

The frequent renewal of these reflections softened the painful remembrance of my losses. I looked round me: Paris seemed the only place proper to conceal me from the eyes of the world. Five hundred ducats, and the diamond I had received from my father, were my sole resource. This small sum, which my journey to Paris must considerably diminish,

minish, was insufficient to pay for my admission into a religious house suitable to my birth. I preferred, therefore, hiding myself in obscurity. I took a lodging agreeable to this intention; and the daughter of Achmet III. has lived tranquilly in the lap of virtue and obscurity, far from the pomp of thrones, far from the splendour of wealth, which too often clouds the course of life with storms: and the offspring of sovereigns, whose power the earth had felt so many centuries, has sometimes wanted the bread of poverty.

She possessed however religion, which teaches us to submit without murmuring, and softens the severest strokes of misfortune; that dignity of mind which prevents our stooping to a mean action, and that virtue which guards us from every snare.

The

The death of my august father, who died full of years and glory in 1763, caused the only severe grief I have felt since the decease of the chevalier. The loss of my lover seemed to have closed up my heart in a case of steel, which my own misfortunes could not pierce: the death of a father only could break it.

God has blessed my fortitude. My youth was spent amidst the perturbations of a violent passion, and the troubles to which those of others exposed me. I have grown old in poverty. Born in 1710, I have seen the first day of 1786, and calmly await that death which is to be the recompense of a life equally agitated and astonishing in its revolutions.

F I N I S.



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